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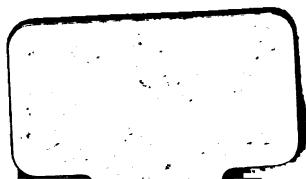
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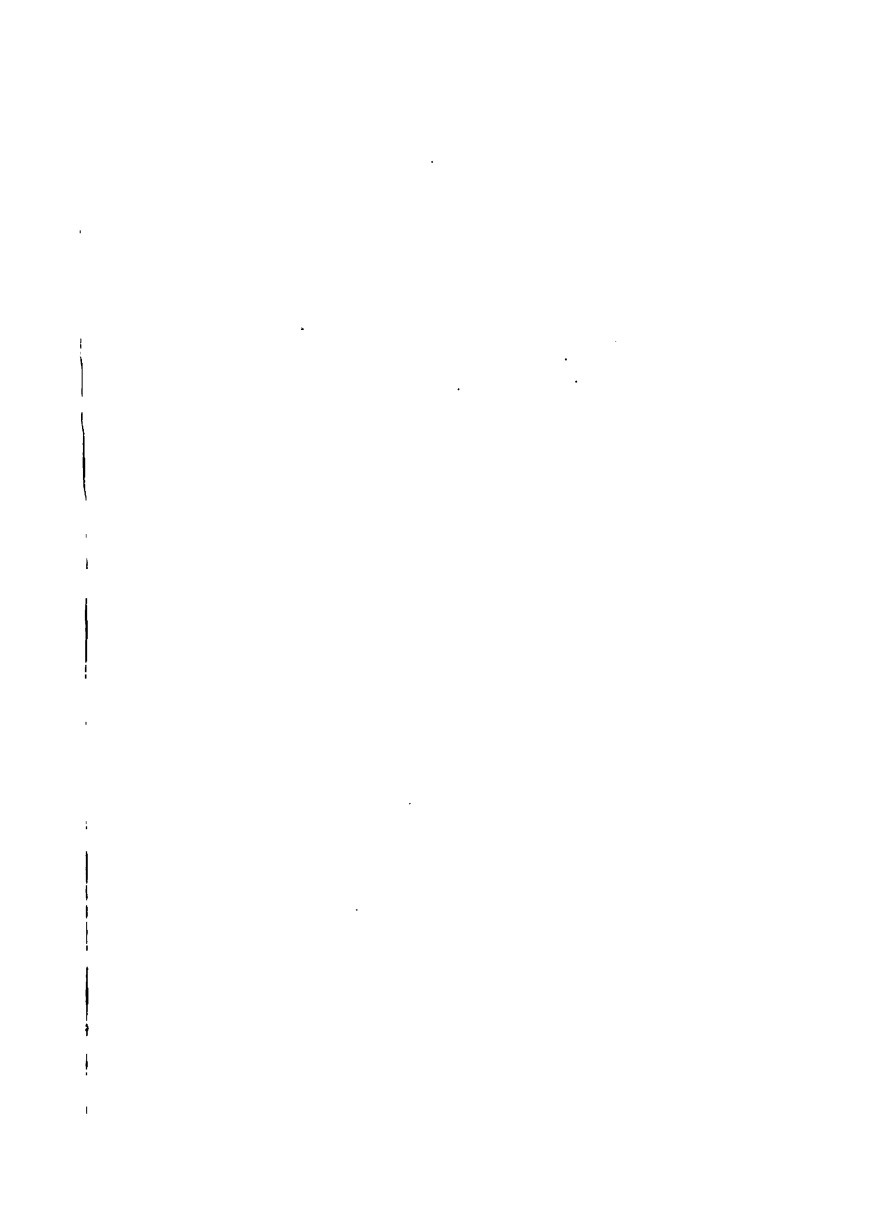
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*Portrait of Bertrand du Guesclin.*

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# CHIVALRY AND CHARITY;

ILLUSTRATED BY

THE LIVES

OF

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN

AND

JOHN HOWARD.

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LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT & CO. LUDGATE STREET.

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1840.

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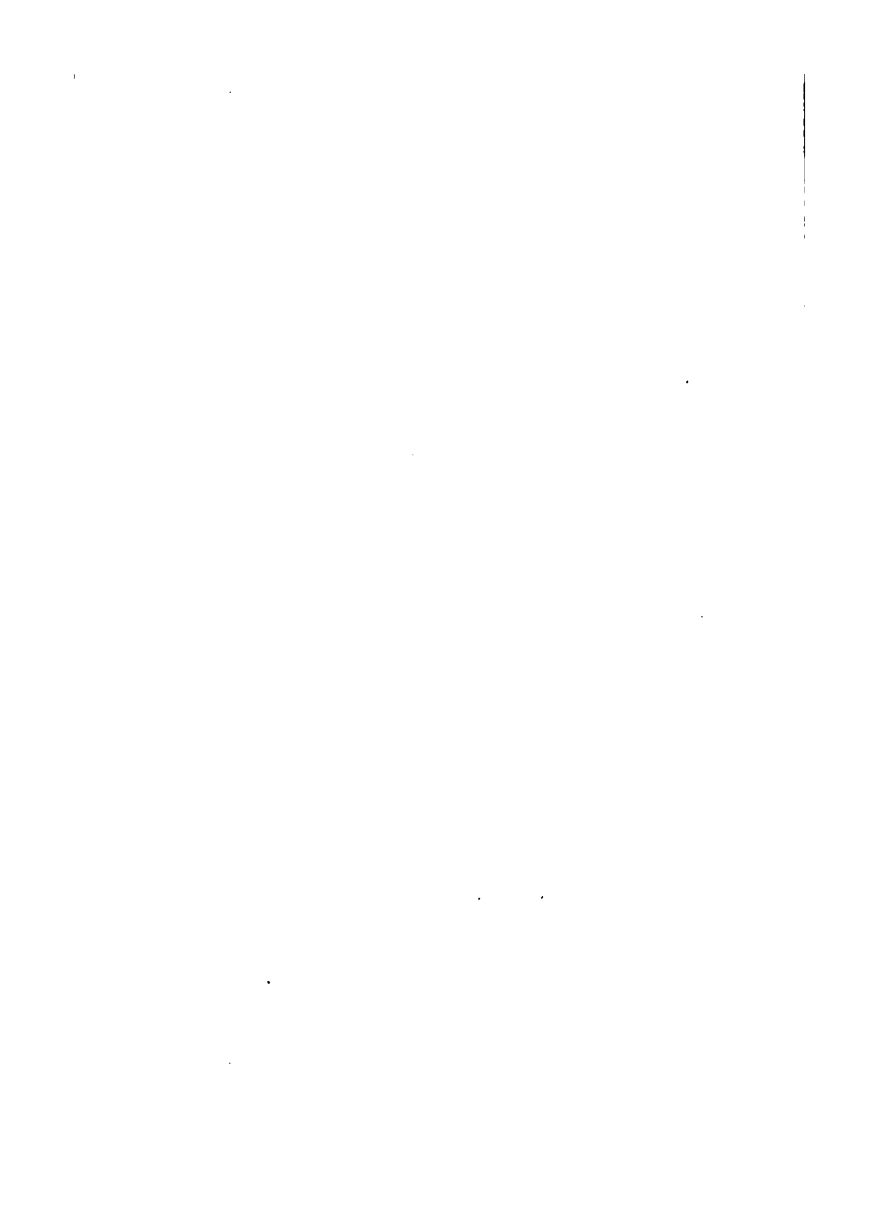
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# LIFE OF BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

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## INTRODUCTION.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN, the subject of the following pages, was one of the most celebrated among the French warriors of the middle ages. The anecdotes about to be related respecting him, are almost wholly taken from a work entitled "Ancient Memoirs of du Guesclin," which was published in France long after Du Guesclin's age; but is believed to have been compiled from more ancient chronicles.

These anecdotes must not be received as authentic, but they will, it is hoped, be found at least amusing; and may, perhaps, serve to give some idea of the man and his times, by shewing the impression which both left on the minds of his countrymen.

## CHAPTER I.

### YOUTH AND EDUCATION OF BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

THE family of Bertrand du Guesclin was noble, though of small fortune, and resided in the castle of La Motte de Broom, about fifteen miles distant from the town of Rennes, the capital of Britany. Here Bertrand was born in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, but he was an unfortunate child. The extraordinary ugliness of his features, a disagreeable scowling expression of countenance, and, what was far more to be lamented, a rude disposition and violent temper, made him an object of general dislike, and even lessened the affection of his parents. His temper almost as an infant was so bad that his mother thought he had been bewitched, a superstition which prevailed in those times: no doubt he had been ill-managed.

The unkindness with which he was treated at home, though produced by his faults, in its turn increased them, and by the time he was six years old he had become altogether unbearable. The servants of the castle, as well as strangers, made it their amusement to tease the passionate little boy, who always carried a great stick, and tried to defend himself by striking those who tormented him ; and his behaviour was so rough and offensive, that, although the eldest of the family, he was not allowed to sit at table with his younger brothers and sisters, or to wear clothes suited to his father's rank. But notwithstanding all this he had a kind and grateful heart ; and an incident is recorded of him while yet a child, which called forth his better feelings and produced a great change in his condition.

One day when the children were summoned to the dining-room, Bertrand said that nothing should hinder his going with the rest. He accordingly accompanied them, and without waiting to be asked, down he sat and began helping himself, eating very awkwardly, and throwing the meat about. His mother, a beautiful and elegant woman, was of course displeased.



She ordered him to leave the room ; he rose from the bench, and, in his hurry, pushing against the table, overturned it with all the dishes. This awkwardness increased his mother's anger ; and poor Bertrand, vexed and ashamed, hid himself in a corner of the room, where he cried bitterly. Just at this moment came in a Jewess to speak to Madame du Guesclin. She was the daughter of a physician, and as was often the case in those times, probably understood something of medicine and surgery herself. Seeing his distress, she tried to comfort the sobbing child, looked kindly in his face, took hold of his hand, and said, " She thought he would not always be so unhappy as he was then." Poor Bertrand, who was unused to be thus soothed, thought she was laughing at him, and told her to " Leave him alone, or he would beat her with his stick ;" but the compassionate woman was not to be put out of humour by the ill-temper of a cross child. She turned to Madame du Guesclin saying, she was quite sure that Bertrand, if he were but kindly treated and well educated, would be a good boy, and grow up to be a brave and good man.

The mother feared that the Jewess either flattered her, or had formed too favourable an opinion of her rude and passionate son; but in a very few minutes she had reason to think better of her words, for she saw that Bertrand was sensible to kindness. The Jewess sat down to partake of their dinner, when Bertrand directly came out of his corner to wait upon her. He carefully helped her to part of a peacock which had just been brought in hot, and was a dish held in great esteem; he then poured out a glass of wine for her so full, that some of it ran over; but for this he apologised, saying it proceeded from his haste to give enough to her who had been so kind to him. From that day, Bertrand's mother altered her manner of treating him. She now tried to encourage him to behave well, gave him better clothes, hoping that this would induce him to keep them clean and not tear them, and ordered all the servants and the people who came about the castle to be kind and gentle to him.

Three years passed away under this milder system of education, and Bertrand so far improved as to become less disagreeable to his

family; but he continued to be a disobedient, violent, self-willed boy, who gave little promise of future excellence. At nine years old, he was strong and stout, and as he could not, or would not learn to read, his time, for want of occupation, hung heavily upon his hands. His brothers and sisters were too little for play-fellows to his mind; and therefore, when thoroughly weary of having nothing to do, he would make his escape from the castle to amuse himself with the village-boys in the street. In his games with these boys we find the first glimpse of the character that he was afterwards to bear as the champion of his country, for his plays were all military. Sometimes he would by himself fight against a number of boys. In general, he divided his companions into two sets, putting himself at the head of one set, and leading them on against the other, when a grand battle would ensue. All this displeased his father and mother, and the more as he usually came home from such rude sports with his clothes torn to pieces and covered with blood and dirt. They therefore strictly forbade him to play with the village boys; but Bertrand

wholly disregarded the prohibition. Monsieur du Guesclin sent orders to all the labourers not to let their sons play with him: Bertrand then, and not till then, taught the boys to be as disobedient as himself, and took to single fight with individuals, hoping these private combats would not be heard of.

At last Bertrand was put in prison,—that is to say, he was locked up by himself for four months in a room in the castle, where his breakfast and dinner were brought to him by his mother's maid. One day, as she was setting down the tray, he slipped out of the room, locked the door on the outside, took away the key, and ran down stairs, and out of doors into a field, where he had seen a man at plough. Without stopping one minute, he unharnessed the mare that was drawing the plough, jumped upon her back, and, before the ploughman could imagine what he was going to do, rode away from him. Thus, without a saddle or bridle, he galloped off to his aunt's house at Rennes. His aunt was far from well pleased when she saw him; but his uncle, who perhaps thought that any change must be for the boy's good, said

that, since Bertrand was so fond of being a soldier in play, he would try to make him a good one in earnest.

The first thing in this course of education was to learn how to ride, how to manage and take care of a horse, and, how to endure fatigue. This was instruction to Bertrand's taste, and he consequently made great progress. He was out all day with his uncle, and could soon ride very well. But mere riding well, as we understand it, was a small part of what he had to learn; and before we go on with Bertrand du Guesclin's history, you must have some idea of what was in those days the education of lads designed for knights or cavalry officers.

In addition to ordinary good horsemanship, they were taught to do many things on horseback which we should think very wonderful now. As there were no schools for this sort of learning, each boy of noble blood, if his parents could not afford the means of instructing him, was sent to some friend into whose house he was taken as Bertrand was into his uncle's. There he was called a page; when he grew older, he became a squire, and last of all, a knight.

The young page was expected to be modest, obedient, and active. As soon as he could ride well enough, he was taught to use the bow, the sword, and the lance. He began with light weapons, made on purpose for children, and he practised fighting with his lance against a wooden figure holding a buckler. The figure was called a quintaine; it turned round on an axis, and had a wooden sword in the other hand. If the page struck the quintaine awkwardly, he would often get a blow from the wooden sword as the figure spun round.\* Besides this, when the page was out hunting with his lord, he learned all the notes of the horn, — the note to be sounded when the hounds were uncoupled, and when the game was on foot, and when it was brought to bay, and when it fell. The page learned also never to complain, though he was often tired, and hungry, and thirsty, and cold, sometimes hurt by falls and blows, and sometimes in danger of being killed by the wild animals which they hunted, as stags, boars, and wolves. A great part of the country was cover-

\* See p. 67, of the volume of the Old Sports of England, published in this Series, price 2s.

ed by thick wood, and the page had to take notice of every little mark, in order to discover the track of the wild beast. If he found himself left behind at night-time, he was told to steer his course by the stars, or if a cloudy sky made that impossible, to make a bed of dry leaves, and lie down patiently; or, if there were danger from wild beasts to climb up into a tree till the dawn came; and then, if he could not see the sun, to examine the trees, observe on which side the moss grew best, and the branches were bent from the prevailing wind, and so to guess at the points of the compass. When the dead stag was brought home, the page had to help to skin it and cut it in pieces, so as to fit it for the use of the cook. When the meat was dressed and ready, he placed the dish on the table, and waited on his grown-up friends, carved the meat and handed it to them.

A page had really hard work to do, and Bertrand probably did all this work at his uncle's; though he must always have been somewhat deficient in the modesty and obedience that were esteemed essential qualities in a well-educated and accomplished page. But, in ad-

dition to these occupations, he gave much time to wrestling—an exercise, for skill in which his countrymen the Bretons were most famous,—and in this he acquired great proficiency.

One Sunday,—for Catholics are allowed after the performance of their religious duties on Sunday, to spend the remainder of the day in amusement,—there was to be a grand wrestling-match played in the square of the town, and a prize was hung up on a pole to be given to the boy who should wrestle the best. Du Guesclin, who was now about sixteen, wished very much to be one of the players: but his aunt guessing this, took him to church with her to keep him out of the way. However, after the service was over, and whilst she was listening to the sermon, Bertrand slipped away from her side and ran off to the grass-plat in the square, where all the lads of the town were standing about looking at the game. Some of them were the very boys against whom he had often tried his strength before, and now they all asked him to try it again with a young countryman who had thrown twelve of them. Bertrand gladly stood forward to wrestle with the



young man. They struggled hard for a long time. At last Bertrand threw his antagonist down, then fell down himself and cut his knee upon a sharp stone. But though the pain was terrible, and the blood flowed fast, Bertrand maintained himself uppermost, and was acknowledged the victor of the wrestling-match. As the young conqueror could not walk or even stand, the town-boys lifted him up and carried him to a surgeon to have the wound dressed, and then to his uncle's house, bringing the prize he had won along with him. It was a hat with feathers and silver lace. Bertrand was afraid to take it in with him lest his aunt should see it, and thus learn that he had disregarded her wishes; but she had already heard of his exploit from the servants who had been sent to look for him. She came to his bed-side and lectured him for his self-willed conduct. Bertrand was conscious that he had done wrong. He begged her to pardon him, and to ask his parents to forgive him also. She complied with his request, and they did forgive him. Soon afterwards, his father, in token of complete reconciliation, having sent him a pony, Bertrand took

to riding about to the different towns to see the tournaments, or mock battles, where the knights and squires fought on horseback.\* He was still too young and too badly mounted to tilt himself; but he used to bring back such exact accounts of everything he saw, that his father and uncle began to hope he might prove a good knight himself at last. That he had a kind heart, notwithstanding his frowns and rough ways, they knew already.

Bertrand seems to have been naturally charitable to the poor; but we may believe that as a page he was taught to be gentle and courteous to everybody, to help the feeble, and to defend all women, children, and old men: and, that above all other things, he was told to speak the truth, and to fear God. It was probably as much because his aunt and father thought he would not learn these good manners from the village boys, as from pride, that they took such pains to prevent his playing with them. The poor Breton peasants were very ignorant and savage in those days: and as these very villagers, or villains as they were then called,

\* Old Sports of England, pp. 65 and 69.

(as a term not of reproach, but merely describing the condition of the peasants under their lords,) were by-and-by to be soldiers under Bertrand, perhaps his father imagined that the lads would not be so likely to respect him when he was their captain, if they were always playing and fighting with him whilst they were children. But to return to the education of youths who aspired to knighthood.

After the age of fourteen, the page was called a squire, and began to do more for his master than ever he had done yet. He waited upon him night and morning to dress and undress him: he trained his horses to the *manege*, and kept his armour bright and burnished. He made himself agreeable to the company who came to visit at the house, played chess and draughts; and sometimes, if he had a taste for music and poetry, "would sing and flute,"

"Would songs make and well indite,  
Joust and eke dance and well pourtray and write."

Squires were often distinguished by extraordinary feats of activity. We are told of a Frenchman called Boucicant, who, whilst he

was a squire, was taught to spring upon a horse with all his armour on, and to jump behind one of his comrades, only just laying a hand on his sleeve: he would raise himself between two walls, built near enough together, by placing his back against one, and his knees and hands against the other,—he would mount a ladder on the under side, by the help of his hands only, without touching the rounds with his feet. Such exploits, however, were not universal or even common. When the lord rode out on his way to battle, he mounted some slight hackney, and the squire rode behind leading the war-horse, upon whose back the helmet and shield were tied. When the combat was to begin, the squire helped his lord to put on the armour before he mounted his charger; he laced on his helmet and buckled his cuirass, closing with a hammer the rivets by which the pieces of steel were fastened together.

Bertrand is said to have already learned many of the war duties of a squire when a grand tournament was held at Rennes ordered by John, the good duke, in honour of the ladies of Rennes, and of the marriage of his niece Jane,

whom he considered as the lawful heiress of the duchy, with Charles Count de Blois, who was to succeed him on the throne on condition of assuming the name, arms, and war-cry of "Bretagne." A piece of smooth and grassy ground, railed round in the middle of the great square, was called the lists. The ladies stood at the windows of the houses, dressed in their best gowns, looking at the young horsemen in their helmets and steel armour. Amongst them was poor Bertrand, but so scowling, clumsy, and ill-mounted that some of the fine ladies said, "He seemed a rude cow-boy who had run away from home on the miller's horse." Other ladies, however, who happened to know how bold and skilful he had already shown himself in all knightly exercises, told them to wait till they saw what he could do.

Bertrand heard all these remarks, and was ready to weep with mortification. He could not change his coarse features and clumsy figure; but he knew that if he were but mounted on a proper horse, he could tilt as well as any knight there. His father, who, as I told you, was far from rich, and had a large family to support,



*Young Bertrand du Guesclin at the Tournament.*



(some writers say ten children,) had not been able to afford him a good horse. However, seeing one of his cousins in the crowd, Bertrand asked him when he should have seen enough of the sight himself to be so kind as to lend him his horse for an hour or two. The cousin was good-natured, and almost immediately lent him not only his horse but his armour, going with him to a quiet stable to help to put it on. When Bertrand came back to the square, nobody knew who he was, for the vizor of his helmet was down, so that they could not see his face, and there was no blazon upon his shield. Blazon is the painted coat of arms.

Bertrand rode forward and made the usual sign that he was ready to break a lance. One of the bravest of the young knights did the same in answer. The gate of the railing was opened, the two young men rode into the enclosure and took their places opposite to each other, then each couched his lance and galloped at the other. Bertrand drove his horse along with so much force, and pointed his lance so well, that he struck his adversary on the head, knocked off his helmet, and bore him and



his horse to the ground. The horse was killed—the rider lay stunned by the violence of the shock. Bertrand sat upright in his saddle, waiting for some other knight to come against him.

Another knight soon rode in, and stopped opposite to him. Bertrand looked at his shield, saw the arms painted upon it, and knew that this knight must be his own father. He could not fight with him. He threw his own shield far away from him upon the ground, and sat still on his horse without defence, in token that he would not fight. The people wondered; they thought he was seized with sudden fear. But now another knight came forward; instantly Bertrand leaped off his horse, picked up his shield, then vaulting into his saddle, couched his lance once more, charged, and unhorsed this knight as he had done the first. Then the people were pleased and clapped their hands and shouted; but more than all the rest, how pleased was his father when the conqueror's helmet having been unbarred, he beheld his own son.

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## CHAPTER II.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN INVOLVED IN THE  
CIVIL WARS OF BRITANY.

WE come now to the civil war in Britany. The expression "civil war," is taken from the Latin *bellum civile*, and means a war in which the people of the same country, fellow-citizens, or fellow-countrymen, in Latin *cives*, are fighting amongst themselves. Of all wars, civil wars are by far the most dreadful, because in them friends and neighbours, and even near relations often, differing in opinion upon the question in dispute, take different sides.

The cause of the civil war in Britany was this:—The last Duke of Britany had died in 1341, leaving no children of his own to succeed him in his duchy; but there were two candidates for it, in what is called the collateral

line,—a niece and a half-brother. The niece was daughter to his next brother Guy, who had died before him, and was, as you have heard, married to the Count of Blois. The brother was younger than Guy, and bore the title of Count of Montfort. Now which of these two was to succeed? By the law of England, it would be the niece,—by the law of France, it would be the brother, because it had been settled, but only about twenty years before, that women might not reign. But in those days many of the independent portions of France were governed by laws of their own, and the Countess of Blois maintained that this French law of succession was not the law of Britany; that women were there allowed to reign, and therefore that she was the lawful heir. The Count of Montfort, on the other hand, insisted that the law of France, called the Salic law, ought to prevail in Britany; and both uncle and niece sent to their respective friends to bring their soldiers and fight it out.

The King of France, who was an uncle of the Count of Blois, summoned the princes and peers of France to meet at Paris, to consider

what was the law, not of France, but of Britany. This court of peers was something like our House of Lords. The peers said that, according to Breton law, Jane ought to be duchess. But John de Montfort knew that a great many of the people, especially of the lower orders, preferred him for their duke. As the king was not on his side, perhaps they thought that he would behave kindly to them, in order to gain and keep their support.

The lower class of people, the labourers, and little farmers, had hitherto been very cruelly used by the gentlemen; they were made to do all the work and pay all the taxes. Even if a poor man went to live in a town, kept a shop, and grew rich, still the noblemen, the country squires and barons, to whom all the land and all the trained soldiers belonged, would often follow him thither, take away his money, and treat him as rudely and cruelly as if he had been their slave. The shopkeepers, therefore, hoping to be better protected by a duke of their own choice, joined together in most of the great towns, in Rennes, Brest, Nantes, Vannes, and Hennebon, and sent to offer their support and

assistance to John de Montfort. On the other hand, the greater number of the barons, about five in every seven, declared for Jane de Blois.

We may see in this dislike of the poor labourers for their cruel barons, one reason why Bertrand's parents were afraid of his playing and fighting with the labourer's children, when he was a boy ; and we may also see why those very poor labourers did not dislike Bertrand himself, but on the contrary loved and followed him, because he always treated his followers kindly and generously.

John de Montfort, trusting in the support of the towns, would not submit to the peers' decree. He made his escape to the city of Nantes, and fancied he was safe ; but even there he had enemies. Some unknown person opened one of the gates of the town in the night, and let in King Philip's troops, who took him back prisoner to Paris, where he spent four years shut up in the Louvre.

One would now have thought the civil war ended ; but it was only just begun ! De Montfort had left his wife and son, a little boy of three years old, in the town of Rennes. This lady,

the Countess of Montfort, was a native of Flanders, and a very spirited and sensible woman. She begged the knights and citizens of Rennes to keep their soldiers together, whilst she sent to England to ask King Edward III. who appears previously to have promised assistance to her husband, for the aid of an English army to assert his rights, and proceeded herself with her son to the port of Hennebon, there to wait the expected succour.

It would seem to be a very needless piece of wickedness for a King of England to waste the life-blood of his people in a quarrel with which he and they had no concern, and, according to English law, upon the wrong side. Nevertheless, Edward was, according to the notions of his age, a good man and an excellent king, and he was undoubtedly a man of great sagacity. But he was ambitious; he wished to conquer France; and his subjects, like himself, were too eager to gain the renown which such a conquest would give them, to think much of the injustice. The Countess of Montfort well knew all this, and that he would be glad of the opportunity to send troops against the King

of France. She knew besides, that, according to the chivalrous spirit of the age, Edward would be flattered by being asked to redress any alleged wrong; and she had, therefore, reason to be pretty confident of success.

It was during this war, and on the side of Jane, that Bertrand du Guesclin first distinguished himself as a partisan. He had got together a company of sixty men. They slept in the woods by night, and plundered the villages by day. They robbed the farmers, who took part with the Countess de Montfort, and who were obliged to do so if their lords commanded them. This is one of the horrors of civil war. But even in this way Bertrand could not procure provisions and money enough to feed and pay his soldiers; and some writers say that he also in a manner robbed his own mother, taking away her jewels and selling them in order to raise money for his men.

We cannot pretend to give the whole history of this cruel civil war; but we will notice some few of the most memorable exploits that Bertrand du Guesclin is said to have performed in the course of it. The town of Fongerey was

fortified and further defended by a castle. A Castle is a very strong house, built with fortifications, as a place in which people may defend themselves. The Castle at Windsor, the Tower of London, Dover Castle, and ruins of many other old castles are still left in different parts of England. Most of them had very thick walls and a moat or ditch outside the walls; and when in good repair, as in Bertrand's time, there was a bridge over the moat, called a draw-bridge, because it could be drawn up; and a very heavy iron door in the gateway, which could be slid down from the top. It was called the *port coulisse*, or sliding-door, in English portcullis. Such was the castle of Fongeray, which Bertrand determined to seize; and, as he had not men enough to hope to take it by a regular siege, he had recourse to stratagem in order to surprise it. He one day dressed up all his soldiers like woodcutters of the forest, where they used to sleep. He made them borrow smock-frocks, and put them on over their armour, and having loaded each man with fag-gots, they proceeded towards Fongeray. There was a watchman posted on the tallest tower of



the castle of Fongeray, looking round at the distant country and the woods, to see what was doing. For a minute this watchman thought he saw a suspicious number of men standing at the edge of the forest, and he rang his alarm-bell to warn the soldiers of the garrison that strangers were coming. But Bertrand had very soon recalled all his men into the wood, so that the watchman could not see them; and the alarm given was supposed to have originated in a mistake. Under shelter of the wood, Bertrand divided his men into four small parties, and came forward himself with only fifteen men. When they arrived at the gate of the town with their faggots, the porter thought they were really woodmen, and let down the drawbridge for them to pass over.

Bertrand came first in his white smock-frock. He threw his heavy load of wood down upon the bridge in order to stop up the way, then drew his sword and struck down the poor gate-keeper, calling out at the same time, "Guesclin! Guesclin!" as a signal to his men to make haste. They ran up, got into the gateway, and waited there till the other three

parties arrived. Even then they were but sixty against two hundred English soldiers, who were in the town, besides all the inhabitants, men, women and children, who flung heavy stones upon their heads from the tops of the houses if they stepped forward into the street. Bertrand made his way to a small open place where there was a pound for sheep, and there he set himself with his back against a wall, where no stones could reach him, and with a heavy battle-axe, after his sword was broken, defended himself against the English; they were, as I have said, but sixty against two hundred, and at least half of the sixty were obliged to stay in the gateway, and the rooms above it, to guard the portcullis, so that no enemy might get at the chain to unwind it and let down the iron gate, and so shut them out or shut them in as it might be. Two hundred, then, against sixty! The difference was too great, and Bertrand must soon have been tired out and taken prisoner, or killed, for ten Englishmen were attacking him at once. But just at this moment a party of the Countess of Blois' friends came by; those of Bertrand's men, who were station-

ed at the gate, saw and recognised them as friends, and loudly called to them for aid. The new-comers no sooner heard that Bertrand was in danger, than they galloped in and rescued him. It was quite time; he had lost his battle-axe, and was fighting with his fists. But these fresh soldiers rode straight up to the English who were striking at him, and drove them away. Nor was that all; for their arrival rendering the numbers of the two parties more equal, the partisans of Jane now expelled the English from Fongeray, after which the new-comers stayed to keep possession of the castle, while Bertrand went back to his woods.

## CHAPTER III.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN IN THE CIVIL WARS  
OF BRITANY CONTINUED. — THE ENGLISH IN  
BRITANY SUPPORT DE MONTFORT.

THE Countess de Montfort had obtained the assistance she sought from Edward III. and the Breton war, in which the Kings of France and England were engaged on opposite sides, lasted, with some intervals of truce, upwards of twenty years. In 1356, John of Gaunt or Ghent, Duke of Lancaster, with a considerable English army, laid siege to the town of Rennes, then in the possession of the party of de Blois.

The Earl of Pembroke, Robert Knowles, and the good John Chandos, who was to be the instructor and guide of the English duke, were with him at this siege, as also many of the neighbouring Breton barons, helping to do

mischief to their own town, and the duke made a vow that he would never go from before the walls until he had planted his standard upon them. He therefore immediately began digging a mine under these walls. A mine is a secret passage under ground, leading to a sort of cave where the miners place barrels of gunpowder, and then come away, strewing gunpowder in a line all along the passage. This line is called the train. When the miners are sufficiently out of danger, and gone back into the open air, they set fire to the train, and so to the barrels, — the barrels explode, — the ground above trembles and falls in, as in an earthquake, and most likely the wall and buildings above are thrown down.

Whilst the digging of the mine, by which John of Gaunt hoped to take Rennes, was in progress, the English army slept in tents, in their camp in the fields. Almost every night they were disturbed by attacks, made in the dark, by people who came to the gates of the palisade that were set up round the camp as a defence, and broke them down or clambered over them, killing or driving away the sentinels,

carrying off horses and provisions, and burning what they could not take. The English, thus repeatedly waked out of their sleep to fight, were often dull and heavy the next morning when John of Gaunt wanted them to work hard in the mine. He was exceedingly annoyed, and inquired what captain it was that led on these night assaults. He was told that it was Bertrand du Guesclin, and then heard much from the Breton gentlemen of the boldness and activity of that leader.

John of Gaunt would, of course, fain have kept his mine a secret; but Bertrand had heard of it from one of his prisoners, and sent word of his danger to the governor of Rennes, Tortboiteux. But the exact situation of the mine Bertrand did not know; and as the walls were very long, going round houses and gardens, it was difficult to find the point that was threatened. At last Tortboiteux bethought himself of a very ingenious way of discovering the spot that was undermined. He ordered a light basin to be hung, as we hang a lamp, in every house on the rampart: he then visited them all, and when he came to a house where the

basin could not be kept steady, but swung backwards and forwards because the floor trembled, he knew that the miners must be digging underneath. Having thus ascertained what he wanted to know, he directly gave orders to his own excavators to dig another passage, or mine, still deeper in the earth below that of the English. The entrance to this countermine was from one of the streets by a sort of well; and the gunpowder was placed, and the train laid ready to blow up the English whenever they came to blow up the wall. But the English discovering that they were countermined, at once abandoned their mine.

Being thus foiled in his first project, John of Gaunt had to think of some other scheme for getting possession of Rennes. He knew they were very short of provisions in the town: he therefore sent a drove of fat pigs to graze close up to the walls and the town gates, in hopes that the hungry people would rush out to seize them, and so lay themselves open to his attack. But the governor had a cleverer plan: he caused a large sow to be turned just outside the gate, but secured from within by a strong cord

tied fast round her leg. The creature tried to break loose, and made so much noise, that all the other pigs came round to see what was the matter. Then on a sudden the governor ordered the gate to be opened and the sow pulled back into the town, when the other pigs all followed after her. The gates were quickly shut again, and the townsmen, much pleased, went to the battlements to thank the Duke of Lancaster for this fine supply of pork meat, which he certainly had not intended to give them.

The poor pigs lasted a good while; but when they were all eaten, it became necessary to send to the Count de Blois, Jane's husband, who had once more taken possession of Nantes, to state the distress to which they were reduced for food, and solicit relief. Yet how was a messenger to make his way to Nantes when the country on that side was so overrun with English? At last a citizen, the father of five boys and three girls, all suffering from hunger, offered to go, provided the governor would promise to feed his children whilst he was absent. His terms were accepted. He was put out at the



gate, and went straight to the English camp. There he begged to speak to the Duke of Lancaster, in order, as he said, to complain of the governor of Rennes, pretending that he (the governor) would not let the starving people leave the town for fear of making known their distress; and he further told the Duke that a body of four thousand German troops were expected that very day with provisions, who were to approach the town in two parties, one on each side, in hopes that at least one party might get in safe. This was all untrue, you will observe; but falsehoods of this kind have been often held to be fair in war. The Duke questioned the citizen very much; but at length he entirely believed the false account, and jumping upon his horse, ordered out his troops, in order to go forth and surprise these Germans.

The citizen in the mean time was well fed with meat and wine, and in the dusk of evening he contrived to mix with the crowd who were passing the gates of the palisade round the camp of the besiegers. Having thus got out unnoticed, he walked away as fast as he could till he came to an empty castle, left desolate

by the owner and his family on account of the continual robberies committed by the stragglers from the two armies. There our citizen lay down to sleep: he awoke with the sun, and was pursuing his walk when he was stopped by some patrols and brought before their captain.

“False spy, woe befall you if you do not speak the truth,” said Bertrand du Guesclin, for it was he. The poor citizen fell on his knees, told the truth this time, and moreover showed Bertrand what a good opportunity it would be for surprising the camp whilst the Duke of Lancaster was absent from it on the wild goose chase on which he had sent him. Bertrand was quite of the citizen’s opinion. He set off directly, reached the camp, forced the palisade, and seeing a hundred carts just arrived with salt meat, flour, and wine, he obliged all the waggoners to turn their horses’ heads towards Rennes, and drive on at their utmost speed, lest John of Gaunt with his troops should return. Then, as soon as he could be heard and seen by the men of the town, he shouted “Guesclin” in his loudest voice, and made

signs for them to set open the gates. Open wide the gates flew; and in trotted Bertrand with his long train of carts and his soldiers. Down came the governor into the street, and all the ladies to the windows bowing and kissing hands to thank brave Bertrand.

In the midst of this rejoicing, however, Du Guesclin's first thought was to send for the waggoners, and ascertain whether this great stock of provision was really their own. Finding that it was, and that they were chiefly farmers driving their own teams, he ordered their money to be paid down directly, forbidding them, however, ever again to supply the enemy's camp on pain of his utmost indignation. He also commanded them as they passed by on their way home to go to the Duke of Lancaster and say from him, that having now victualled the town, he should defend it till his last gasp.

The waggoners obeyed. They asked to see the Duke of Lancaster, fell on their knees, and delivered the message. They found John of Gaunt vexed and angry at the false tale of the citizen, the foolish errand he had been sent upon, and the plundering of his camp; but





*A Herald reading his Despatches.*

when they, in answer to his questions, told how honestly they had been paid, and broke forth in praises of Bertrand's sense, valour, and generosity, the Duke said, "I should like to see this man."

Lord Pembroke, who was standing by and knew Bertrand, said, "He was very sure that Bertrand would gladly visit the Duke, provided only a safe conduct were sent by him signed by John's own hand." The Duke immediately gave instructions to a herald, — one of those messengers between enemies who are allowed to go safe,—and the man rode off to the gates of Rennes, dressed in his surcoat,—which, by showing his profession, insured his safety,—and he made signs from a distance.

The governor came to the battlements, the herald held up his despatches, and was suffered to enter the town.

The officers all crowding about him to know his business, he said it was with Bertrand du Guesclin, who was pointed out to him, walking in the square. The herald gazed for a time at his strange face and figure, and then said aloud, "That man has more the air of a robber than

of a knight." The officers told him to beware of uttering such rude words there; and the herald, recovering from his surprise, approached Bertrand with all the usual marks of respect. Bertrand frowning, as was his wont, told him to "say on." Then the herald repeated John of Gaunt's wish to make acquaintance with him, and presented the safe conduct. Bertrand could not read it, for you may remember that he had always been too idle to learn when he was a child. He could only put the paper into the hand of a friend to be read to him; but when he heard the Duke's cordial words, he told the herald he would be ready to go with him directly, requesting him in the mean while to take some refreshment at his rooms, and to accept a handsome robe and a purse of one hundred florins.

They were soon on their road, Bertrand handsomely dressed, and mounted on a fine horse. When he entered the English quarters, the soldiery flocked around him, wondering to see him so big and black, and with such monstrous fists. Bertrand passed on sedately to the Prince's tent, dismounted and bent one

knee before him. John of Gaunt took his hand and raised him, with many thanks for the visit. Bertrand replied, "Sir, I am happy to show my respect for you ; but do not take it ill if I enter into no peace or truce until you have made terms with my lord, the Duke." John asked, "Who is your Duke?" Bertrand said, "Charles de Blois, the husband of our Duchess." John answered, "There are still at least a hundred thousand men in arms, who will die before they allow that."

After this conversation they went into the tent, where a banquet was prepared in honour of Bertrand. There everybody was friendly towards him except one man. This was William Bamborough, brother of Robert, the owner of Fongeray castle, which Bertrand had taken, as perhaps you remember. He was determined to fight Bertrand, for he was very angry ; and he challenged him with many provoking words, even taunting him with want of bravery. The Duke of Lancaster thought such language very silly and unfeeling towards a man of the most undoubted courage, and who had trusted himself to their courtesy. Bertrand, however,



thought it proper to accept the challenge, and at his request the Duke named the next day for their duel. He next ordered the finest horse in his stable to be brought out as a present to his guest, when he rose to take leave. Touched by so much kindness, Bertrand said in his Breton dialect, "Sir, may it please God to keep you from cumber (trouble); I never yet met with Count or Prince who gave me anything the worth of a farthing. To-morrow I will appear on this good horse to redeem my pledge." He then rode home.

His friends at Rennes were very uneasy when they heard of the intended duel. They said, it was not safe for him to trust himself again alone in the camp of enemies. Some misfortune would happen to him. He would be put in prison or murdered. Such outrages were often committed in those lawless times. Bertrand could only reply that he trusted to John of Gaunt, who was religious, and would not break the oath he had taken to keep him from all harm.

On the morning Du Guesclin armed himself gallantly with helmet, shield, and lance, but





*Bertrand Du Guesclin fully armed.*

would not put on a cuirass, in order to have his arms more at liberty. He then went to church to hear mass, and to pray, pouring forth his soul in secret, beseeching God to bless his honest intentions, and to preserve his life. Then he went back to breakfast, and ate a soup made with wine, in order to keep up the strength of which he should have so much need that day. He was just mounting his horse, when his aunt came and held him back by the arm, begging him with many cries and tears not to go among his treacherous foes, or at least to take off his helmet and let her kiss him for the last time; but Bertrand, disliking this disturbance, only said, "Aunt, do not interfere where my honour is at stake. Your terrors are childish. Go home and order dinner, and expect me back before it is ready." His gravity and resolution filled all hearts with respect. The burghers ran to the top of the walls to watch him as he rode away over the wide flat plain.

As soon as Bertrand arrived at the English camp, the Duke of Lancaster, in order to protect him from any danger of unfair play, ordered the heralds to go round forbidding any one,

under pain of death, to go within twenty lance lengths of either combatant under any pretence whatever, even to help them to rise if thrown from their horses during the duel. The battle then began. Bertrand charged with a powerful blow of the lance. Bamborough returned a cut upon his helmet. They fought for a long time with very equal success. At last Bertrand, gathering up all his strength, dealt a thrust which pierced his adversary's side, and drove him to the ground. According to the rules of single combat, Bertrand might have killed this vanquished foe; but he was not so cruel and revengeful; he contented himself with leading away his horse, bidding the English take notice that he had arrived with one, but should go off with two: and even this horse he gave directly afterwards to the herald who came from the Duke of Lancaster to wish him joy, and to say that he might ride home in perfect security, for that none of his people should attack him. So he went back quite safe to his friends at Rennes, and we may imagine how glad they were to see him.

The English, though they had given up their

mining, and lost all hopes of starving the town into surrendering, still continued the siege. They now built a wooden tower, which moved on wheels, and was as high as the top of the walls of the town. The tower had a flat boarded roof, and round the roof a parapet, behind which the archers stood in safety and shot their arrows through holes left on purpose. They thus did a great deal of mischief, and Bertrand determined to burn their machine. He sallied forth from Rennes very suddenly with the bravest of his men, and set the tower in flames with a preparation called Greek fire, a mixture of pitch and other inflammable things, which even water cannot extinguish. As the lower timbers of the tower gave way, the flooring at top fell in; and the archers, rather than drop into the horrible flames below, leaped down from all sides, notwithstanding the height. But this was only changing one form of death for another. They were either crushed by the shock, or killed by the French soldiers, who were waiting for them on the ground.

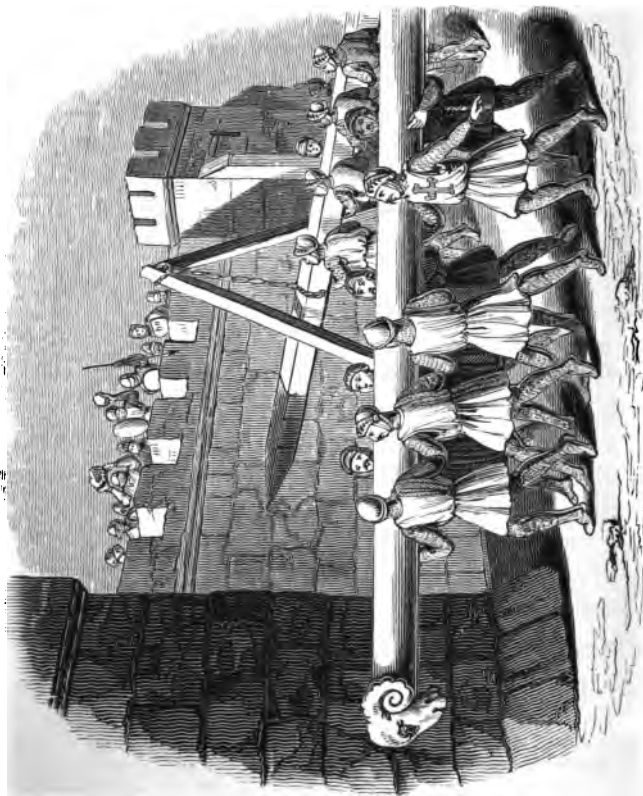
The siege of Rennes was nearly over, for what

were the English to do now? In the camp they had nothing left to eat, they had robbed the country round of all the food they could find; and the farmers, if they had any hidden stores left, would not reveal them. Yet the Duke of Lancaster had sworn that he would never leave the walls of Rennes till he had planted his banner upon them. Bertrand devised a way of escaping from this difficulty. He rode once more to the English camp, and proposed to John of Gaunt that he should enter Rennes with nine of his attendants, and plant the standard according to the words of his vow. After that, he was to draw off his army into winter quarters. The Duke agreed, and the day was fixed for his coming.

Now, although not in a state of famine like the English, the Rennes people had very little food left. To conceal this distress from the Duke, Bertrand and the governor ordered every citizen to set out before his door whatever meat, corn, wine, fish, or other provisions he might possess. When the Duke entered Rennes, seeing so much victuals, as it appeared, for sale in the streets, he concluded that the town was







*Attack on the Walls of a besieged Town. The Cut shows two forms of the battering-ram in use, for making breaches in the fortifications.*

too well provided to be soon taken, and therefore gave up the siege more cheerfully. He mounted the wall and stuck up his flag. Bertrand standing by, and presenting him with wine, asked him where he would now be pleased to carry on the war? The Duke, smiling, said there would be places enough; and descending the steps from the wall, which had a broad top where persons could walk, he left the gateway to ride home. Hearing a great noise behind him, he turned his head and saw the Rennes people already pulling down his standard, hooting, hissing, and laughing, whilst he was still so near. The insult filled him with shame for the silly insincere way in which he had kept the words only of his vow.

The next spring the Duke set himself down before Dinant, and kept so strict a watch, that the people could receive neither provisions nor soldiery. They therefore entreated him to grant them a truce of fifteen days; after which, if Charles de Blois did not relieve them, they promised to surrender.

On the faith of this short peace, Oliver du Guesclin, going out into the fields alone and

unarmed to exercise his horse, was overtaken by an Englishman, Thomas of Canterbury, who, finding he was Bertrand's brother, loaded him with abuse and took him away prisoner. Another Breton, who was in sight at the time, rode straight back into the square of Dinant and whispered to Bertrand what had happened. Bertrand could not at first believe that any one would dare to touch his brother. The man said he could not be mistaken, for that he had once been a groom in the family of Regnault du Guesclin, Bertrand's father, and consequently was well acquainted with Oliver's person. Then Bertrand called for his horse, and went directly to the camp of the English.

The soldiers were as usual glad to see him, and marshalled him into the presence of their young general, who was playing at chess with Chandos, whilst the Count de Montford, Lord Pembroke, and Robert Knowles looked on. Bertrand knelt to the Prince, greeted the nobles, was kindly received, and asked to drink wine. "I must first," said Bertrand, "receive justice for a great injury."—"Nay," answered Chandos, "if any man in our army have done





*Accepting the Challenge.*

you harm, he shall forthwith repair it." Bertrand told his tale. Thomas of Canterbury was sent for; and meanwhile the wine was brought, in which all the knights pledged their brave opponent.

Thomas of Canterbury was rather surprised to find Du Guesclin in the Prince's tent, and to hear himself commanded by the Duke forthwith to deliver up his prisoner, unfairly and dishonourably taken during a solemn truce. He threw down his glove in token that he was ready to fight his accuser; and Bertrand picked it up, saying that "Before he had eaten three soups he would make him repent his insolence." Probably each soup meant one meal; and three meals sufficing the French for a day, Bertrand probably intended to fight his antagonist after breakfast the next morning.

When the Dinant people heard this bad news, they were as much frightened for their hero as the Rennes people had been before; and would not listen to a young lady, their townswoman, and remarkable for her good sense and foresight, who assured them that he would come off with his usual success. One man did in-

deed think it worth while to ride over to the camp to tell Bertrand this prophecy of Estifaine's (whose name the Breton dialect shortens to Tefaine). Afterwards came another messenger from the magistrates entreating Bertrand to have the field of battle transferred to Dinant; and he considered that having already fought one duel in the English camp, he might claim this concession from the Duke, who at once agreed to it. All the arrangements were made as at the other single combat, except that Bertrand went to that alone, whilst John of Gaunt was allowed to bring with him nineteen gentlemen of his court into Dinant.

When everything was ready for the combat, Thomas of Canterbury's heart sank with fear, and he begged Knowles and De Granson to persuade Bertrand to let the matter rest. Bertrand said, that even now he thought he might stop with honour, provided Canterbury would come to him in the middle of the lists, holding his sword by the point, and yield himself up as vanquished. The English knights thought this too great a disgrace to be submitted to. Canterbury then entreated them, if he should hap-

pily have Bertrand in his power, not to interfere to prevent his killing him; but on the contrary, if Bertrand should have him down, to clamour for mercy till his life should be spared. The duel then proceeded, first with lances and then with swords. At last Canterbury dropped his weapon: Bertrand wheeled his horse round and round him, always threatening to strike till he was near enough to Canterbury's sword to jump off his horse, pick it up and throw it over the barrier. Canterbury thus disarmed, galloped round and round the enclosure, dodging this way and that, to escape from Bertrand who was pursuing him on foot; but as Bertrand found that he could not run fast enough on account of the iron plates which covered his knees, he coolly sat down on the sand to take them off. Canterbury, then thinking it a good moment to dash at him and trample him down, turned round at full speed to accomplish his purpose; but Bertrand pointing his sword upwards, made the horse swerve from his course, and wounded him in the flank. The poor creature fell to the ground, and the rider also. Bertrand then arose, gave Canterbury



three cuts with his sword, marking him across the nose, and cuffing his whole face with his heavy iron glove. The English, as had been agreed, now called out for mercy. Bertrand said they had no right to ask it for such a coward. He did grant it, however; but the man was disgraced and fined by John of Gaunt.

The Duke very soon afterwards set sail for England. The Black Prince had lately taken King John of France prisoner at the battle of Poitiers in 1356; and Edward III. wanted his son Lancaster and the troops to assist in an expedition into Picardy.

More English, however, came into Britany some time afterwards under Chandos, Knowles, and Walter Howitt. If there is any pleasure in reading of war, it ought to arise from the virtues of the warriors; from the thought of their fortitude in bearing pain, wounds, fatigue, and hunger; of their readiness to forget all injuries, when they could be kind to a fair-dealing enemy, of their higher spirit of Christian forgiveness when they could be merciful to a base one. Many of the common soldiers, perhaps, as being more tried by hard usage, poverty, and

contempt, afforded even more noble instances of patience, of freedom from malice, and of courage. But in the days about which we are talking, that is to say, in the days of the feudal system, when the barons owned all the land, and often had power of life and death over the peasantry, very little was said in books of these poor men.

John de Montfort had been now dead many years, but the Countess still continued the war for the sake of her son, John de Montfort the Second. Bertrand had driven her men from Dinant, and met them again near Bechard. The two armies stood on each side of a little river, ready for battle, when a holy bishop stepped forward, and with real piety tried to persuade them to make peace. He spoke so well that he touched the hearts of his hearers. The hostile parties agreed not to fight that day, but to have a truce, and give hostages for the observance of it. The bishop then proposed to halve the country between the two princes, giving Rennes for a capital city to Charles de Blois, and Nantes to the young John de Montfort. Both parties seemed inclined to adopt

his pacific suggestion; but when Jane de Blois heard of their plan, she would by no means consent, telling her husband that she had married him to defend her inheritance, not to yield it up or any part of it. So the war began again, and the hostages were released.

One of the hostages given to the Countess of Montfort was Bertrand; and now, though she set free the others, she still kept him in custody in Sir William Felton's house. Bertrand wondered at this long confinement, and often spoke about it to Felton, begging him to go and remonstrate with the Countess. Another dull month passed away, and yet Felton remained at home. At last he went, and brought back word that the Countess, considering Bertrand as her son's most formidable enemy, intended to send him to England to be there kept in prison.

Bertrand thought this intention so unfair, that it justified him in making his escape, which he now determined to do. He ordered his groom to have two good horses ready in a certain wood, and when the proper time came, he asked Felton's son to take a walk with him.

They soon came to the place where the groom was waiting. Bertrand jumped upon the best of the two horses, saying to the young man, "My son, carry my compliments back to your father; tell him I shall go into France to serve under the Duke of Normandy, and as to yourself, if anybody reproaches you on my account, fear nothing; come to me, and you shall have arms and horses, as many as you wish."

He rode off, reached Guingamp that night, and was received by the inhabitants as a deliverer. They were suffering much sorrow and hunger from the English foragers, who were living in all the neighbouring castles, sallying forth night and day, robbing the farmers and travellers, and often shutting them up in dungeons until they had paid a ransom. Still Bertrand wanted very much to go forward, for other English parties were doing still more mischief nearer Paris, not suffering a boat to go up the river Seine with provisions for the city; so that the Parisians were in the greatest distress for food. But in the morning, when he rose to depart, he was rather surprised to find the gates of the town locked, and the inhabitants

waiting in crowds for him in the street, never ceasing their cries and entreaties till he had consented to try what he could do for them before he prosecuted his journey. At their head he fought for several days with the enemy, drove the English from Pestivien, and other castles, and then, having cleared the country for the present, he took his road to the French camp.

Charles de Blois was there, and received Du Guesclin with great joy. He had before given him a castle (called Roche d'Arien), and now he gave him a wife, the very lady who had shown such a regard for him at Dinant, Estifaine Reguenel.

It is said that on one occasion Du Guesclin was appointed to take the two young princes, sons of Charles de Blois, to the English court as hostages for the observance of a truce made with their father. Bertrand delivered them over to the Duke of Lancaster saying, "As you keep the truce so will we keep it;—as you break it, so will we." Bold words in the midst of many rude warriors who would willingly have resented them; but the Duke, as usual, interfered, and he came away unharmed.

## CHAPTER IV.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN IN THE SERVICE OF  
THE KING OF FRANCE.

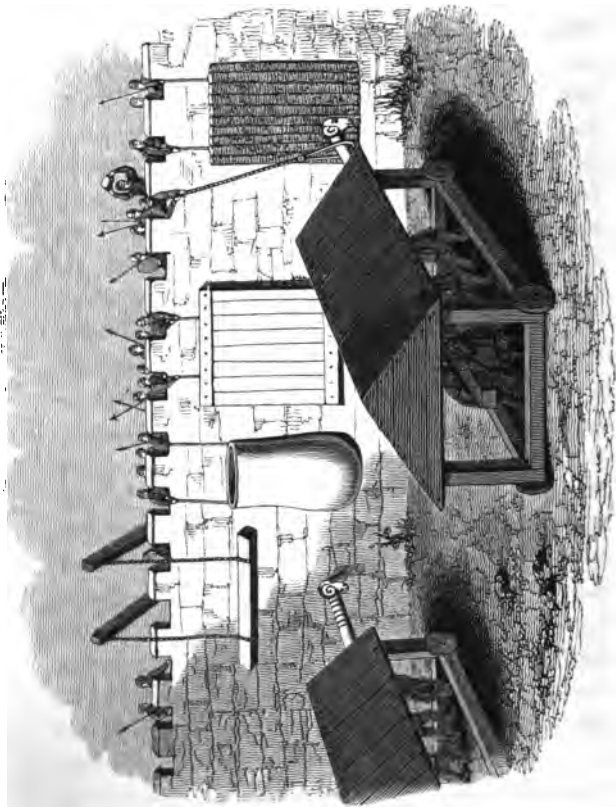
IN the year 1360, Bertrand du Guesclin went into the service of the French King, and he was now to defend his native country against the invading English, instead of taking part in a civil war. The king gave him a company of one hundred lancers, and an allowance for their expenses; and Bertrand was to choose the men, which he did, among the bravest of his friends and old playfellows at La Motte. The castle of Pontorson near the sea in Lower Normandy, was put under his care.

He had already driven the English out of a great many towns upon the Seine, setting free the navigation of the river as far as Paris, and twice he took prisoner that same Felton, who

had been his gaoler when he was a hostage. This English knight, whilst he was in captivity at Pontorson the first time, made himself acquainted with the rooms and passages of the castle, and laid a plan, in which he bribed two of the housemaids of Estifaine, Bertrand's wife, to assist, for taking it, whenever he should be set free. One night, therefore, after he was at liberty, he brought his ladders to scale the castle, as had been settled with these treacherous servants. Everybody else was asleep. Bertrand was absent; but Estifaine was living there with Juliana her husband's sister. The Englishmen had already fixed fifteen ladders against the wall, when Estifaine heard the noise, and awakened her sister-in-law who was sleeping with her. Juliana jumped up. She was a nun, and her dress was soon put on: she seized a lance and buckler and ran up to the top of the tower, tipping over all the ladders that were within her reach, either at the battlements or loopholes, and calling to the garrison to rise. Felton, finding himself discovered, would have gone home again, but met Bertrand on the way, and was made prisoner a second time.







*Muchin used for the defence of stone walls against the action of battering-rams.*

Bertrand continued the war against the English, for the King of France, fighting at Cocherel, Valognes, Carentan, and many other places. The victory of Cocherel, 13th May 1364, had a happy influence on the kingdom and king, overturning the power of Charles (called "the bad" by those who did not like him) King of Navarre, whose league with the English, and whose possessions in Normandy made him formidable to Charles of France, called from this time—and deservedly called—the "Wise." At length Bertrand was despatched in great haste to assist Charles de Blois before Auray, where the castle was closely pressed by young John de Montfort. The king sent not only Bertrand, but all the other friends of Charles at that time in his service; and they went in such numbers, that De Montfort and Chandos thought it right to offer peace again, on condition of dividing the duchy; but again Jane de Blois interfered, and prevented the conclusion of a treaty. She even returned a very haughty answer to this pacific message, although she was well aware of the extreme distress of the people in the castle.

The garrison had eaten all their horses, and were now lighting fires every night to give notice to Charles de Blois of their starving state. He was encamped at Louvaux l'Abbage, too far off to see their signal; but couriers rode forward to inform him: and as he was tender-hearted and religious, his grief and his wish for peace were very sincere. He wrote a letter to the governor of Auray, saying that he hoped at all events to bring them help by St. Michael's day. But how should this letter be introduced into a castle so completely invested? A cross-bowman undertook to send it on the point of an arrow, and he shot so well, that it fell exactly on the platform of the tower, where the besieged were again lighting their fire of distress. The governor read it to his officers; but they had no food to last them till St. Michael's day;—no, nor for one single day beyond that on which they were reading their duke's letter of promise. They therefore hung out a flag of truce, and Robert Knowles came near the gate to know what they wanted. "Food!" they cried. "If you will give us food, we will surrender the castle on St. Michael's day,

unless our Lord Charles has by that time brought us relief." Robert Knowles willingly agreed, and supplies were sent into them.

In the mean time Charles did advance with his allies, and when the besieged men in the castle saw the banners of his army at a distance, they also raised their standards on the keep, and bade the violins and trumpets sound. When Du Guesclin heard the music, and looking up saw the pennons floating in the air, he could not but admire the cheerfulness and constancy of men so hardly tried.

The two armies waited all night in battle-array, with only a little rivulet between them and many a man could see his friends and relations standing on the opposite bank, who were perhaps to be killed in a few hours by his own hand. Charles de Blois, faithful to the forms of his church, confessed his sins to the priest, took the sacrament and heard the mass three times; but still he listened to his wife's passionate counsel, made ready for a bloody pitched battle, and would not even attend to Du Guesclin's advice to wait till he could move into a better position. In the mean while, the

Sire de Beaumanoir, a very good and brave man, now a prisoner to De Montfort, crossed the water again and again, going from side to side, trying to negotiate peace, and, as he said, prevent the death of so many valiant knights. De Montfort again assembled his officers, and offered to give up even the half duchy if they were disposed to take Charles and Jane for their sovereigns. But this they would not hear of. Each and all answered that they would follow him to the last. He then gave each chief the kiss of peace, made the sign of the cross, and vaulted upon his horse.

The men of Blois began the battle. Chandos, who commanded for the young Count de Montfort by Edward III.'s desire, had said, "Let them come over the stream, because the tide will soon be up, and then they will not be able to get back again." He had also spoken privately to Sir Hugh Calverley, and requested him to conceal himself with a party of five hundred men, among some coppice wood and bushes on the flank of the enemy. Sir Hugh was at first very unwilling to be put out of active service, and to lie quiet doing nothing,

even for a short time, till at length Chandos said, "The matter is important, and either you or I must go. I have nobody else whom I can so well depend upon;" then Calverley complied with his desire. And now a knight went forward from their army calling out "Britany!" dressed in the arms of De Montfort, and seeking for Charles de Blois. Charles answered to the call, and a desperate fight ensued. At length Charles unhorsed his adversary, and, for a moment, thought he had won the battle and the throne. The English knights rushed on to save De Montfort; the French crowded round De Blois. The fallen man was killed; but when his helmet was taken off, the countenance was not that of Count John. It was his cousin who had worn his armour and uttered his war-cry. When the real De Montfort rode up and faced De Blois, Charles felt as if the dead at his feet had risen. Still he fought on undauntedly, with Rohan and Du Guesclin at his side. At this instant Sir Hugh Calverley, dashing from his ambush, attacked them in the rear. Bertrand faced about, and made head against Sir Hugh, dealing incessant blows with his two-

handed axe. The battle raged with tenfold fury. Charles de Blois, weary as he was, still returning every thrust of De Montfort, who was fresh and strong, and at least thirty years his junior. At length Charles fell mortally wounded. Bertrand stood alone among heaps of dead. He had been dragged from his horse, his sword was broken, his axe without a handle, every limb streaming with blood. "Yield, yield, Sir Bertrand!" Chandos cried; "this day cannot be yours." So he gave up his broken sword, and went with Chandos, as his prisoner, to Niort.

Soon afterwards, John de Montfort, having made his peace with the King of France, was declared Duke of Britany. Thus was he rewarded for the virtuous reluctance to shed his countrymen's blood, which had made him offer to give way to his rival if the Bretons desired it; and the unfeeling obstinacy of Jane cost her the life of her husband, as well as the half of the duchy that had previously been offered her.

A year or two after the pacification of Britany, it was Du Guesclin's happy lot to render

another great service to France. The country was overrun by bands of soldiers, who being no longer paid for fighting the enemies of their country under regular discipline, and not being willing, nor perhaps able, to return to labour, supported themselves by robbery and plunder. They were of all the neighbouring countries,—England, Scotland, Italy, Germany, Flanders, Navarre,—and of all the various states of France,—Normandy, Britany, Aquitaine; some of them men who had come to seek their fortune in the wars of Edward III. at the time of the battles of Crecy and Poitiers, or had deserted their respective banners to lead a life of idleness and plunder. Now that the battle of Auray had decided the quarrel of the Bretons, and that there was no other fighting for the present in France, these marauding pillagers were joined by many persons of better character, by disbanded soldiers of the two kings, and even by many knights, who wished to assume the command of this rabble, and to become what the Italians called *condottieri*, or leaders of Free Companies, who sold the services of their bands to any prince or state



engaged in war and in want of troops. Free these companies called themselves, because they acknowledged no authority but that of their chief, who was himself free from all authority whatever. The Italian *condottieri* and their bands, who would now be despised and abhorred as at best idle, blood-thirsty vagabonds, were then esteemed honourable men, pursuing an honourable profession; and the petty princes of Italy having few subjects of their own, and those few, until late in the fourteenth century, not warlike, were glad, during their quarrels, to hire the services of these mercenary troops. While they were paid, they behaved with tolerable honesty; when they were out of employ they robbed. The bands of this kind that were now preying upon France did not enjoy equal reputation, perhaps because they had not been as regularly organized. They seem to have been looked upon as something between the Free Companies, and downright freebooters.

Imagine whole regiments of reckless, rapacious men coming well armed into the defenceless towns and farmhouses, taking money, food,

cattle, sheep, poultry, horses,—burning what they cannot carry off,—and murdering and torturing men, women, and even children, who have nothing left to give, or are thought to hide what they have. But in England, we are scarcely able to understand all that the words “warfare and invasion” mean. The French do know, for they very unjustly made war on Europe for many years under Buonaparte, endeavouring to force independent states to submit to their domination, more in the spirit of the fourteenth than of the nineteenth century; and the natural consequence was, that the nations upon whom they had without provocation inflicted all the sufferings I am speaking of, joined to resist them, and having driven them out of the conquered countries, in their turn invaded France. The following adventure may serve as a sample of the crimes and misfortunes which warfare produces.

A Brunswick man had been made to enlist in the French army when the French first conquered his country; and when things were changed, and the Allies entered France, he had served in the French army many years. He was in

Champagne with his regiment to oppose their march, and was riding home to quarters one evening, when he met another solitary horseman belonging to the Allies. Neither of them thought it honourable to pass on without attempting to take the other prisoner. They fought for a long time, without giving or receiving a wound. At last the daylight failed and they were both so tired that they sat still on their horses and began to talk. Both spoke German, and the same dialect; and André, the man who told the author the story, asked the other from what province he came? from what village? what was his family? It turned out that they were brothers! When André was taken away to serve the French, he had left the other, his little favourite, playing on the cottage floor. He might now have killed him without ever knowing it! They stayed a long while talking of past times, the youngest telling the eldest all that had happened at home since his last visit. At length they departed.

The misery of the provinces occupied by the two armies in 1815 was very great; but it was greater all over France during the years suc-

ceeding the battle of Poitiers in 1356. The king, Charles the Fifth, after considering several plans for relieving the sufferings of the country, at length determined to hire the "free bands" and send them into Castile, to make war on Don Pedro the Cruel, who had caused his wife, sister to the queen of France, to be murdered; the avowed object of the enterprise being to punish Pedro for this crime, to take the kingdom from him, and give it to his brother, Don Henry. Charles, wishing for an able general to conduct the expedition, paid a high ransom for Bertrand du Guesclin, who had remained till this time a prisoner of Chandos: and a herald was sent to the camp of the free companies, near Chalons upon Saone, and was admitted to the tent, where the chief captains, Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Matthew de Gournay, and many more, were at dinner. They all said that they should gladly confer with Du Guesclin, and sending him a safe conduct, he soon appeared amongst them.

Sir Hugh Calverley, who had seen his wonderful exertions at Auray, threw himself upon his neck, declaring that he was ready to follow

him anywhere and everywhere, provided it was not against his natural lord, Edward the Black Prince; and when Bertrand answered that "it was not," Sir Hugh in great joy poured out wine. Bertrand at first hesitated to take the glass, because drinking wine together imported agreement and amity; and Bertrand wished to propose his plan, and to know that all was agreed upon before he gave this pledge of friendship. But he would not give pain to a man who loved him so well and offered him welcome so cordially; so he accepted the wine-cup.

He then, in the King's name, offered them two hundred thousand francs, provided they would undertake the war in Spain, and give up all the French castles and towns at present in their power. The chiefs replied, the castles would be of no use to them when they were out of France. Some of the more indolent and thievish, however, secretly thought that the castles would be of the greatest use if they could but contrive to stay behind, and rob at their ease; but when the captains and the more soldierly of their comrades had accepted the





King's terms, these ruffians were obliged to go with the rest.

The captains were soon after invited to visit the King privately in Paris, at the Temple, or Templar's House, where he then dwelt. The King was rather ashamed of the treaty he was forced to enter into with this lawless band; yet some of their captains, who, as I have said, had been liked and respected in former wars, were now kindly greeted by many noblemen at his court,—knights who intended to follow Bertrand into Spain, and therefore probably expected to spend many a day and night on the cold ground, side by side with their old friends and companions.

And now the Free Bands broke up their camp and took their way with Du Guesclin through the country of Avignon, which then belonged to the See of Rome. The Pope, who was residing at Avignon, being afraid of their usual ravages, sent a cardinal to forbid such acts under pain of excommunication. The cardinal was received with great ceremony by Bertrand and his knights, by the free chiefs, and even by many a wild adventurer, who would willingly



have pulled his rich purple cloak off his shoulders; but he was informed by the Marshal d'Andreghem, that as the free bands were leaving France in order to make war partly against the Saracens, the soldiers had hoped that the Pope would not only grant them absolution for all past sins, but add to it a gift of two hundred thousand livres, to enable them to pay their expenses honestly on their journey. Bertrand said the same thing. The Pope was surprised, but agreed to send them one hundred thousand livres; and gave notice to the shopkeepers and citizens of Avignon to subscribe the money. It was accordingly carried to Bertrand; but when he ascertained that the whole sum had been taken from the industrious population, and not one single livre from the Pope's coffers, he sent it all back, declaring that unless it was faithfully restored to the hard-working owners, and the same amount furnished by the Pope himself out of his own treasures, the army should not abide by their promise. As he said, so it was done; and the Pope himself sent the bribe.

## CHAPTER V.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN ENGAGED IN THE  
CIVIL WARS OF CASTILE.

BERTRAND marched on into Castile without much fighting, the people of Burgos and Toledo having already opened their gates to Henry. Don Pedro the Cruel made his escape, followed by a few mules loaded with precious stones and metals, and above all, with a curious golden table, ornamented with portraits of the twelve peers of France, and with enormous pearls and other jewels, having in the centre a carbuncle reported to be as brilliant by day as by night, but to turn to a black colour if touched by any poisonous substance. Pedro the Cruel wandered on from Cordova to Seville and Lisbon; and thence, finding no hope of help from the King of Portugal, to Corunna, and

then by sea to Bayonne and Bordeaux, where Edward the Black Prince held his court.

The Black Prince had lately married his beautiful cousin, Jane Plantagenet, the fair maid of Kent; and his father, Edward III, had made him governor of his three great French provinces, Poitou, Guienne, and Gascony, all together called the Duchy of Aquitaine. He was at Angoulême, when Don Pedro the Cruel, having landed at Bordeaux with two of his daughters, came up the country to visit him, and entered his presence weeping. Edward pitied Don Pedro's distress: probably, too, he longed to be in arms again, and did not like that Bertrand should out-do him. He was partly bound by some treaty to assist the dethroned King of Castile; and perhaps he did not know how very wicked he was. During their conversation in came four Spaniards bearing the precious table, which Don Pedro requested Edward to accept, mentioning that it had been given in ransom to his grandfather by a King of Granada. Edward, thinking it would please the princess, sent it into her apartment, as a present from Don Pedro to herself; but Jane, not less good and

wise than fair, as if foreseeing all the wrong and sorrow that would attend the fatal gift, only expressed her deep regret at her husband's intention to leave his home, and to spend his time, health, and money, and the lives and happiness of his subjects, for the sake of so bad a man.

Edward, however, was steady to his resolve. He considered that Don Pedro was by law the heir of Castile, and he would not allow that any oppression on his part gave his subjects the right to choose another king in his stead. He therefore wrote to King Henry to surrender the throne at once, or he should come and constrain him so to do; at the same time summoning all his barons and knights to bring up their forces, and also ordering the English warriors, commanding the free companies in Henry's service, to join him, their liege lord, forthwith, on pain of being declared traitors.

Sir Hugh Calverley was one of these. He determined to comply with the summons of the Black Prince; but he was very sorry to quit Bertrand, and took a most affectionate leave, telling him that, as in every division of booty

and prize-money he had always received too large a share, he would gladly now make restitution before he went away. The two friends parted as if it were for the last time; but they did meet again and again, before Sir Hugh returned to finish his life in England. This stout warrior lies buried at Bunbury, in Cheshire, where the farmers have pounded away the hands and feet of the fine alabaster statue upon his monument, in order to make powders for sick sheep!

The Black Prince's army advanced through Navarre. Sir William Felton, with the vanguard, marched first, pillaging the country as he went along, and driving before him all the flocks and herds, in order to provide food for the troops in the desert tract on the Spanish frontier which they were next to cross, and where nothing eatable was to be found. Bertrand contrived to come upon him unawares, and to have these herds driven safe to King Henry's camp; in the skirmish Felton was killed.

The English were thus left almost without food; and Bertrand strongly advised King

Henry not to give them battle, but to wait quietly till they were faint and weak with hunger, when it would be easy to take them all prisoners. "At present," he added, "they are strong and healthy, and will make a great slaughter of your raw Spanish levies." Unfortunately there was in the army a Count de L'Aine, who dared to say that Bertrand was afraid to fight, and who persuaded King Henry to lead out his army the next morning. This was exactly what the English most wished, to fight while they were yet stout, in hopes to eat their dinner in King Henry's camp. Many of the common men were already saying they would give twenty marks for a bit of bread!

The Black Prince now arranged the order of his army: he gave the van to his brother, Lancaster; the centre to the Captal de Buche, a famous Gascon leader; the rear to Chandos; and took the reserve himself. He then sent a trumpet to King Henry, saying he should storm his entrenchments directly if he did not come out to meet him half way. Bertrand, who heard the message, asked the herald whether the English were not rather in want of a break-

fast, adding, "If I were listened to, so they should remain." The herald answered gaily, "In truth there's not a man amongst them but could eat an additional poached egg or so." Bertrand, pleased with his cheerfulness, ordered him some wine, and asked how much as good a bottle would cost in their camp? The herald replied, that he really could say nothing as to the cost of good wine or bad, for that there was not a single bottle of any sort of wine to be had for the next day, which was Easter Sunday, April the 3rd. Bertrand then ordered the troops to advance.

The Spaniards (Lefebvre reckons them at fifty thousand) made a gallant show; but Bertrand had no trust in them, nor in the Genoese cross-bowmen, estimated at twenty thousand. He consulted with the Marechal D'Andreghem, and the Besque de Vilaines, and agreed to keep the free companies in a separate body, together with Bertrand's own squadron of French and Bretons, about seven hundred in all. Every thing happened as Bertrand had expected. King Henry went forward bravely into the *mêlée*; but his army hung back, and finally ran

away and left him alone: and he knowing that his life would not be safe if he were taken prisoner, was forced to cut a lane through Pedro's troops and fly. Bertrand and his two friends stood firm; but the Black Prince and John of Gaunt, calling loudly to them to surrender, Bertrand looked round, and seeing that nearly all his men lay wounded, he and the other two gave up their swords. Thus ended the battle of Navarrete, or of Najera, as it is called by Spanish historians.

Pedro the Cruel immediately begged the Black Prince to allow him to murder the three prisoners on the spot,—a murder for which he had not the smallest pretence, as they were clearly prisoners of war, the leaders of an army sent against him by the French king. He offered to give as much gold for Bertrand as his body weighed. The Black Prince was ashamed of the savage cruelty of his ally, and gave the three captives into charge of the Captal de Buche, a man well able to keep them safe. They had liberty to walk about the camp on parole; and good horses to carry them when the English began their tedious march back into Aquitaine.



In the mean time, King Henry had ridden to his own house at Transtamar, where his queen was : but though the people on the estate wished him well, they could not have defended him from Pedro's emissaries, who were hunting everywhere to take him dead or alive. Henry therefore disguised himself in a pilgrim's dress, and set off on foot with two friends for Saragoza, in order to see the King of Aragon. At one of the inns they met with a gentleman, who told them how the battle had ended ; and taking them for poor persons, to whom such a sight would give pleasure, he offered to introduce them into the palace at Saragoza, in order to see the king dine, and to taste of his wine.

Pilgrims were in general treated kindly, for as their business was to travel on foot, and often very far, to some particular church, in order to do penance for a fault, or to pray for a blessing, or to give thanks for favours past, they were highly respected for this mark of devotion ; besides which, religious persons, who might soon be doing the same thing themselves, felt inclined to succour them. The King of Aragon, therefore, greeted the pilgrims in a friendly

manner; but did not guess who they were, till Henry begged to speak with him alone, and explained his plan, which was to go to France to ask fresh troops from the Duke of Anjou. The Aragonese monarch promised him two hundred men in addition whenever he should return.

Each pilgrim then took his scarf and staff, and set off on the road to France, Henry choosing the western road by Bordeaux, in order to see Bertrand and his two companions, who had by that time arrived there as prisoners. The pilgrims entered the city in safety, and went to church the next morning; and there, as was usual after mass had been said, entered into conversation with some knights, in order to obtain news of the prisoners. One of these knights Henry recollected as a follower of Bertrand, and thought he might trust him; but the knight did not know Henry until he discovered himself in a private room at the inn.

The next step was to find the means of seeing Bertrand. He was confined in the public prison. The knight went to the jailer who had charge of him, saying he was going home to Britany to collect money for his own ransom

and wished much to ask Bertrand whether he had not any message for his lady and his friends. The jailer said that "admission to the great Bertrand was a favour to be bought with gold." The knight made large promises, and the jailer at last let him in. Bertrand seeing his follower enter the room, concluded that he was come to borrow ransom-money, and at once quietly said that he had none then, though he hoped soon to be better off. But he started up like a man electrified when he learnt that King Henry was arrived; for he knew the great risk the king would run of being taken prisoner, or killed by Pedro's bravos then in the town; and all perhaps for nothing, since how was he to obtain an interview with him in his prison? The knight proposed bribing the jailer; and then Bertrand considered that though he had no money himself, there was a person in the city, a Lombard, who sometimes supplied him. Upon this the jailer was called, and told that there was a pilgrim arrived whom Bertrand wished to see and assist, and that if he would go to the Lombard banker for four hundred florins, he should have one hundred for himself. The jailer

went carrying Bertrand's seal, at sight of which the Italian gave the money. The jailer took his share, and brought the remainder, with the pilgrim Henry, in Bertrand's room, where he locked them up together.

Before they had settled all Henry's plans, the jailer's wife came to say that dinner was ready. Now, whether Bertrand had ordered too good a dinner for a poor pilgrim, or whether they had talked too loud and earnestly, the jailer began to suspect a plot, and whispered to his wife that he should, as was his duty, go and inform the Prince of Wales. The wife, who had a great respect for Bertrand, and wished to put him on his guard, repeated aloud what her husband had said. Bertrand gave him no time to leave the room. With one blow he forced him on his knees, took the keys from his pocket, opened the prison-gate, let out Henry and his friends, and charged them to be gone from Bordeaux that very hour. Then again locking the gate that no one might escape to give the alarm, he shut the jailer up in a distant room, and beat him severely, till his valet interceded for the man, who, afraid of confessing his own corrupt

practices, made no complaint to government. It gives an idea of the passionate and tyrannical manners of the time, that Bertrand should not be ashamed to strike a man whom he had himself tempted by a bribe and a false tale, and who would only have done his duty by giving information of what he apprehended to his sovereign.

King Henry had full time to escape from the English into the French country. At Beziers he took off his pilgrim's dress, visited the Duke of Anjou in Languedoc, and the Pope at Avignon, obtained the assistance he sought, and finally made his way to Spain again, attended by some of the Angevin soldiery, under the command of the Besque de Vilaines, who had obtained his liberty from the Black Prince. Andreghem also had been set free, and bold Bertrand alone remained in prison.

The English and Aquitaine knights, however, did not forget their gallant foe. One day, after a splendid banquet at the palace, the conversation turned on war, captives, ransom, and on St. Louis, who was obliged to purchase his liberty. The Black Prince took occasion to



*Edward the Black Prince and his Chief Officers.*



say, that neither would a true knight ever attempt to break from prison, nor would his conqueror make difficulties about ransom. D'Albret, a Gascon noble, thought this a good time to speak for Bertrand, without mentioning his name; and first humbly asking leave to speak, he told the Prince, that nevertheless people thought he detained his own captives very long in confinement.

The Black Prince was struck by these words. He ordered Bertrand to be fetched. The messengers found him talking with his servant for amusement. He received them cheerfully, the more so, because they announced themselves as the bearers of good news; but he declared that so far from having a penny ready for ransom, he had run ten thousand livres in debt, at Bordeaux, for food, play, presents, and alms. He then went with them to the royal palace, dressed as he was, like the neglected prisoner he had so long been, in a coarse grey coat.

Chandos, De Lisle, De Pommiers, the Seneschal of Bordeaux, Sir Hugh Calverley, and D'Albret, were standing by, when he bent his knee to Edward, who, smiling at his shabby



attire, asked him "How he did?" "Sir," said Du Guesclin, "I shall be better as soon as it pleases you; but it's a long time since I heard the birds sing, or anything but rats and mice." The Prince answered, "You may be free this moment, if you will but engage never to fight against Don Pedro or myself." Bertrand replied that of course the Prince would feel this to be out of the question. He was the sworn servant of the French King. With regard to Spain, he had at first intended going there to drive out the Saracens; but Don Pedro was more cruel than any Saracen, and almost as little of a Christian. The Prince had indeed been pleased to place him again on his throne, and how had he repaid this favour? by mockery and deceit, leaving the English army to pine in famine and sickness as they recrossed the frontier, without supplies, without money, and he openly boasting of his broken promises.

The Black Prince answered, "It is all too true. Well, I will now set you free. What ransom will you pay?" Bertrand said, that his estates were mortgaged for some purchases of troop-horses, and that he had also other debts

in Bordeaux; but that if the Prince would let him go out on parole, he would try to collect money among his friends. Edward, touched by his plainness and truth, told him to fix his own ransom; but when Bertrand named a hundred thousand florins, Edward turned to his lords and said, "This man makes a joke of me." Bertrand, fearful of offending Edward's pride in asserting his own, then proposed sixty thousand, which Edward accepted, though he said he would have let him go for ten.

Du Guesclin's lofty notion of his own value was soon rumoured in the town; and the people thronging round the palace in order to gain a sight of him, the servant came up to request that he would show himself on the balcony. He therefore went out, just as he was, in his shabby coat. Many were the remarks made upon him. Some persons said that if he were really valued by the French at so large a ransom, the Prince ought not to let him go. Others, considering only his frowning countenance, lumpish features, and awkward form, wondered why they had wasted their time in coming to look at him. Some apprehended he would pillage the flat

country, in order to collect the money he wanted. Others, defending his generosity and honour, answered that the French nation would willingly tax themselves for the sake of so good a general. The Princess of Wales, who came expressly from Angoulême to see and dine with him, presented him with ten thousand florins towards the sum he had to raise.

Bertrand set off on his journey, deeply affected by so much kindness. He had given his promise not to carry arms, and to return on a certain day, either with the money, or if he could not procure it, to go back to prison as before. Sir Hugh Calverley rode for some distance out of the town by his side, and taking that opportunity to remind him of the too large share of prize-money which he had formerly received in Spain, and which he had already mentioned at Navarrete, he begged him to accept twenty thousand gold livres, worth twenty pence each. Bertrand could no longer utter his feelings, resolute and rough as he was; he hid his face on his friend's shoulder without speaking a word, and both shed tears. And thus they parted.

Bertrand, pursuing his journey about three miles further, met a poor soldier of his acquaintance, who bowed and wished him joy of his deliverance. As to the poor man himself, he was now returning to his captor, at Bordeaux, having failed in collecting a ransom of a hundred livres. Bertrand not only desired his servant to give him this sum, but added as much more for clothes and arms. The poor prisoner loaded him with thanks and blessings, the more fervent because this ransom released him from a tyrant who had kept him a fortnight in chains.

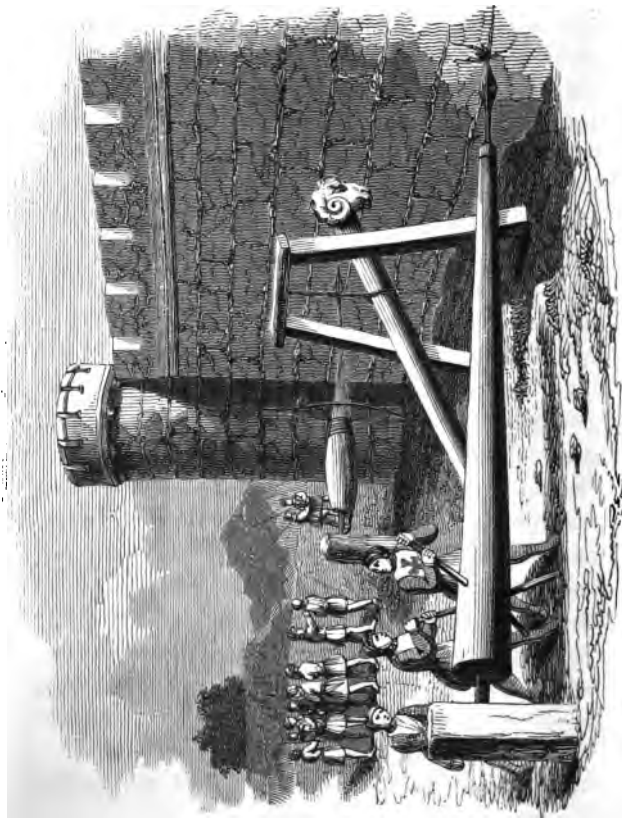
From this soldier Bertrand learned that the Duke of Anjou was besieging Tarascon; and he thought that though he had agreed not to bear arms, still he might be useful to the French prince by giving him good advice. One would think that he was equally bound to do neither, but to remain as useless to his countrymen as if he were still in the English prison at Bordeaux. No doubt, however, he acted according to the notions of those times; and you will observe that Bertrand du Guesclin's loose interpretation of his promise agrees in character with John of Gaunt's equivocating way of ful-

filling his vow to place his banner upon the walls of Rennes.

Du Guesclin found the Duke quite willing to give thirty thousand francs towards his ransom: or, with the help of the King, his brother, and of the Pope, to make up the whole sum. Here, also, he met with his brother, Oliver du Guesclin, and other knights, arrived with a reinforcement of Bretons. According to his promise he did not fight, but he did direct the assault on the walls of Tarascon, riding forth, unarmed, and shouting out terrible threats of vengeance on the citizens; and yet he was endeavouring all he could to bring about a peace, sending for the chief men of the place to visit him, representing how much better it would be for them, and also for the inhabitants of Arles, another neighbouring city, to submit at once to the King of France, than to depend any longer on the Queen of Naples, who lived too far off to govern them well, or to give them protection. It ended in their yielding to the French.

Bertrand then turned northwards, and travelled into Britany, where his old friends sub-





*Machines used for boring holes in fortified walls, to make openings for the action of the battering-ram.*

scribed a sum of money towards his ransom. Before, however, he could get back to Bordeaux it was all gone,—given away to distressed fellow soldiers; once in particular to a party of ten, who had been kindly received by an inn-keeper merely for Bertrand's sake. This bounty of his would not have been known, but that on their speedy return to Bordeaux, well accoutred and furnished with ransoms, the seneschal suspected them of robbery, and forced them to declare how so much riches had been so quickly obtained. Bertrand himself came back as poor as he went; and upon the Black Prince's remonstrating that it was not quite wise to neglect his own liberty for other people's, he only answered, that "he could not resist doing as he had done. The people whom he had relieved were far worse off than himself, and as to his ransom, no doubt it would soon arrive from the King of France." So it did; and Du Guesclin having paid all his debts, once more left Bordeaux and went to Brest, to set off a second time for Spain with some troops collected by his brother and his cousins De Maunay.



They found that Pedro the Cruel had been driven from his great towns, forced to hide himself in the woods and on the sea-coasts, and once had even been sold as a slave; that he had then escaped to the Saracen King of Granada, and was now in the field again with Moorish troops. Bertrand's arrival was of great use to King Henry; and Pedro was at last completely beaten in a great battle before Toledo. He fled, with only four hundred men, on his swift, piebald horse, the gift of the Moorish King, Mahomed of Granada, and took refuge in the castle of Montiel, upon the Tagus, six miles below Toledo. Here he had time to think of the sad pass to which his crimes and ferocious temper had brought him; for Henry, being determined not to let him get away, brought all his army to encamp in a circle round the foot of the steep hill on which the castle stands. Here, then, was Pedro shut up as if in a cage, with a garrison who could not hold out a fortnight, for want of wood and water. One dark night therefore he made up his mind to attempt to escape, and with only five other people, led his horse softly down the hill to a breach in the

wall, where he hoped to get over; but, being overheard by some of Henry's sentinels, he was seized, made prisoner, and very soon after put to death.

There are many dissimilar accounts of the manner of Don Pedro's capture and death; and the Spanish historians tell the story very differently indeed from the French. But, as the event properly belongs to the history of Spain, it is enough for me to give you the narrative of Du Guesclin's biographer; not only upon this last occasion, but throughout the Castilian civil war, much of which Spanish historians relate differently.

Pedro left children, for whose right, as lawful heirs to the crown, a few cities still held out. But the King of France, considering the war as nearly brought to a close by the death of their father, and the successes of their uncle Henry, wrote letter after letter to Bertrand, ordering him to come back to France, where his services were much more wanted. Bertrand obeyed the summons of his King, and loaded with honours and rewards, took a final leave of Castile and of King Henry.

## CHAPTER VI.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN CONSTABLE OF  
FRANCE.

WHEN Charles V. recalled Bertrand du Guesclin, he offered him the command of all his armies, with the dignity of Constable of France, which is the highest military title that could be bestowed on a French subject. But the difficulty was for the future Constable to reach the King's court, in order to receive this honour. The English had spread themselves all over the country, and were distressing the peasants, as the free bands had done before. Sir Robert Knowles' army was sometimes close under the walls of Paris. In order to get through their squadrons unobserved, Bertrand rode from Languedoc, where he had again visited the Duke of Anjou, with a small party of ten or eleven

people dressed in plain clothes, like private-travellers, and thus passed unnoticed. It was very different when he approached Paris; the King's Chamberlain came to meet him with a guard of honour. The people in the streets thronged to see and touch the indomitable man who was to deliver them from the invaders.

At the Hotel de St. Paul, where Charles the Wise lived, Bertrand alighted from his horse, was ushered into the King's apartment and fell on his knees before him. Many of his old friends, the knights, were standing round. Charles said that Paris swarmed with soldiers ready to go out and fight, but that he would not let them stir till Bertrand could arrive to take the command as Constable. Bertrand observed that the Lord of Fiennes held that office. The King replied that Fiennes was grown old, and feeling his infirmities, had besought him to take back his sword of office; but that the next day he would ask the advice of his counsellors as to who should succeed him. They all agreed that Du Guesclin was the man. When, A. D. 1370, he took the sword from the King's hand, he said, that "he only accepted it on condition that the

King would never listen to reports against him, nor believe harm of him till they had met face to face to explain."

The new Constable then asked for money to pay the troops, whom he had already appointed to meet him at Caen; and, as the King could not give him enough, he sold all the treasure, and employed all the gold he had brought from Spain, in enlisting fresh levies. All the chief generals hastened to meet him at Caen, when he gave them a great entertainment, rendered more agreeable by the company of his beautiful and sensible wife. He then appointed them all to meet him at Vire; and, three days after, leaving his wife to continue at Caen, or at Roche d'Arien, he again bade her farewell, entreating her with his last words, as he mounted his horse, never to forget him, or the just cause of France, in her daily prayers.

Bertrand du Guesclin and all Frenchmen thought that this was the time to drive the English out of France. The Black Prince was ill, Chandos was absent; the vassals of Aquitaine were discontented, and their troops had spread themselves, too wide for safety, beyond

their legal frontier. The Prince could no longer defend or control them. He had never been well since his return from Spain. The autumn heats of that country, in a marshy district, and the hardships and vexations attending his march back to Aquitaine, had thrown him into a state of ill health; other things combined to harass him. The free companies who had served in Spain, and whom Don Pedro ought to have paid, but had not, had followed Edward to Bordeaux, and were now living in their usual mischievous and lawless way upon the inhabitants. They were six thousand fighting men, with the customary proportion of attendants, generally, I believe, four to each man. Upon the Prince's sending to remonstrate, they went over the Loire and halted near Rheims in Champagne, and this movement was a fresh cause of quarrel between himself and the King of France.

In order therefore to discharge their arrears of pay, and also, it must be added, to find money to support his own magnificence and that of the Princes, Edward ordered a tax to be laid upon his subjects of Aquitaine. Some of

the peasantry would have submitted, but the Mountain Barons of Gascony, towards the Pyrenees, a yet unconquered race, said, "That their people never had paid tax, and never should, and that it was breaking faith with them to propose it," and this was true, as we may see by former proceedings in the Bordeaux council. For, when Edward undertook his Spanish campaign, his council, but particularly Chandos and Felton had said, that it behoved him to have a great stock of money, but that, since taxes were not to be thought of, he must turn all his gold and silver plate into coin and borrow what more was wanted of his father, Edward III. Their decision was then obeyed. Felton was now dead, but Chandos, the "sweet-tempered, liberal, brave and prudent Chandos," as Froissart calls him, was still positive against the tax, and when he found that he could not prevent it, he desired leave to go away, and spend a year on his estate, at St. Sauveur le Compte in the Contentin, no doubt because he would not stay to see injustice done to the nation whom he had himself so long governed, before the Black Prince came. The Pyrenean

Barons next laid their complaint before the King of France; and he, as superior lord, (for the English kings held their French provinces in vassalage of the crown of France,) summoned Edward to his court to give an account of his conduct. You may suppose that royal vassals were too powerful to be very obedient. Edward said he would come, but at the head of sixty thousand fighting men.

In the mean time, the citizens of Limoges rebelled, declaring themselves subjects of the King of France; but they were reconquered by the English, and Edward, now too weak to sit on horseback, was carried into the town in a litter, and actually sat by, whilst three thousand people, men, women, and children, were massacred, notwithstanding their piteous cries for mercy. But the inhumanity that such conduct discovers, belongs, like the other faults that we have observed, rather to the times than the individual. Even Bertrand du Guesclin suffered five hundred miserable people who had been burned out of their houses in St. Maur, to be pursued and slaughtered under the walls of Bressières. To such horrible cruelties do



wars of invasion lead. Bertrand wished to terrify the English and their subjects in all ways, and to drive them out of France, without wasting the lives of his own men in battle. The Black Prince had been taught to think, according to the opinions of the times, that, being a Prince, his will was above law, and that his subjects were bound in all points to do his pleasure; and not as he ought to have felt, that he, their governor, was intrusted with the power in order to use it for their happiness. Yet both Edward and Bertrand are much praised in history, and were much loved during their lives, which is strong proof that the praise was not undeserved. In fact, they were in general kind and generous—better men, and more useful to the people they governed, than most of those about them; for they knew how to conquer, and to make themselves obeyed, even through the dread of these occasional massacres. It was a most monstrous state of things—a government by the sword. The citizens and peasants had often no remedy but in resisting with the sword. They fought like soldiers, and suffered as such. Edward and Bertrand, being resolute men, and

not naturally cruel, knew how to shorten these wars and disorders, and for this their people thanked them. Nevertheless the Black Prince was sick and unhappy; he went home to England, and died at Canterbury, three or four years afterwards, on the 8th of June, 1376.

Bertrand continued to defeat the English. He had gone on recovering town after town, north of the Loire: in the first instance, planning a night attack upon their camp at Pontvalain, where he took many prisoners, among others, Gilbert Giffard, Henniker and Hachet. Finally, he was taking some repose at Saumur, when one day he saw a king's courier riding up, and calling to him in haste, before he could deliver his despatches, asked "whether he had brought the money to pay the troops." The man said, "so far from it, that he should not have money to pay his bill at the inn without selling his horse." He then presented a letter, which, being read by the Secretary, was found to contain an order from the King to Bertrand to disband his soldiers, and come himself to him, at Paris, to consult about plans for the next year. Vexed and surprised beyond his

patience, Bertrand exclaimed, "This it is to serve a King!" He struck his forehead, and walked up and down like a madman, declaring that if Charles had but kept his word, and sent him the money long before, as he had promised, he should have been able ere this, to have driven the English out of Guienne; that he had used up all his own money, and gold and silver plate, and that now he had none left to buy food for his troops.

Whilst he was thus lamenting, up came another courier, with a letter from King Henry of Castile, saying, that in gratitude for the great services rendered him by Bertrand, and, since his departure, by the Besque de Vilaines, he had sent him two mules loaded with treasure; and that all he asked in return was, that the King of France would allow the Besque and his Son to remain with him some time longer; in which case, when his own war should be quite finished by the reduction of three rebellious towns, he farther offered to arm a fleet of twenty-two vessels for his assistance. Bertrand's heart once more overflowed with joy. He feasted the messenger of good tidings, whilst

the man was unloading the mules and spreading out the presents on the great hall table. There were many beautiful things. One cup, Bertrand reserved for the King; but the remainder he merely looked upon as a means of paying and supporting his soldiers. He sent for all his captains to dinner, and then divided the gold and jewels amongst them, begging them to continue together, notwithstanding the order to disband, until he should have seen the King; for that if Charles did not see fit to furnish the supplies, he should resign his sword of command, and go back to Castile, where also he was constable. He then appointed Carencourt to defend the town of La Roche Posay; other officers he left in Saumur, and in the various newly taken places, and went off, as his custom was, with very few attendants. The courier had in the mean time reached Paris, and related to the King all that had passed. Charles was called the Wise; but it was not wise thus to try the patience of his patriotic general. He said to his chamberlain, Bureau de la Rivière, "Bureau, we shall have to give the money at last, or we shall lose him." Bureau answered

that "the loss of such a commander might be the loss of France;" and, seeing that the King was now inclined to give the money, he went out to meet Bertrand on the road, and entreat him not to renew the dispute by giving way to his just resentment.

They proceeded together to the King, who was sitting under the dais, that is to say, in state, and who half rose, holding out his hand to du Guesclin, and saying, "Welcome, my friend. I love you truly, and ought not to fail you whilst I live, but cherish and honour you in all ways." "Sire," the Constable answered, "it would not seem so. You have withdrawn our pay, and yet the money does little good locked up in your coffers, instead of being shared among the brave men who fight your enemies." "But you shall have money in spring," the King said. "And pray, Sir," said Bertrand, who was growing very angry, "what are the garrisons to subsist upon all through the winter? Are they to pillage the poor people?" "Bertrand," said the King, "I am but one man against my Council; however, in three days you shall have a chest of twenty thousand livres."

“All useless, useless, Sir; not enough to pay for a breakfast! Oh, why do you not insist on the honest delivery of the taxes, which are levied all the kingdom over, from merchants and poor peasants. Thirteenth pennies! and fourteenth pennies! fire money! and salt money! Not a tenth part of it comes to you. Or, suppose you were to have no taxes, and let the poor people rejoice; and then send for your rich men, your furred capes, your priests and lawyers, who devour other men’s living, and make them give back their ill-gotten gains. Money must be had, but you take it from the poor and give it to the rich!” This was really the case in France, where the nobility were exempt from paying taxes, until the revolution.

Charles listened and reflected, and at last granted the money needful. Du Guesclin returned to his army, and drove out the English on every side, till they had no place left except Bayonne and Bordeaux, of their ancient possessions, and Calais, of their later conquests. Charles showed himself really “wise,” in trusting the entire command of the war to Du Guesclin. Not knowing anything of military mat-

ters himself, the sums required for the troops might to him seem very large; and he did not always feel, what Bertrand had occasion to see and feel every day, that it was better for the peasantry to pay taxes in order that the soldiers might have their pay, and so be enabled to pay in their turn for what they wanted, than to be robbed by them, as they were by the free bands. The fault lay, as Bertrand told the King, in the system of only taxing the industrious, and never the noble and privileged; and in not taking good care that the money wrested from the poor peasant, was really carried to the Treasury, to be used for the advantage of the country.

Another great pleasure to Bertrand was the constant gratitude of his friend, King Henry, who did not forget his promise of sending twenty-two ships, filled with archers and cross-bowmen. To these Charles joined twelve more, under Owen of Wales, said by some to be a prince driven from his country by Edward III. Assisted by the new invention of small fire-boats, guided by divers, they dispersed the English fleet that was going to La Rochelle under the command of the Earl of Pembroke. On

board the English ships, it is said that they found chains intended for the revolted citizens of La Rochelle, and letters patent for establishing Englishmen in those offices of government which had been hitherto held by the natives. This was an injustice which the French, and, among others, the burghers of this town, had long complained of, and they were the more glad to receive King Charles's ships and troops, and to submit to him as their master.

You must always keep in mind that Charles was at this time by no means actual King of all the country called France. He was only the greatest prince among many. Britany and Aquitaine had, as you know, their own sovereigns; so had Burgundy and Provence; and these sovereigns (Dukes and Counts), although they acknowledged the King of France as their liege Lord, acted pretty much as independent princes. It was in the year 1152 that Eleanor, the hereditary native Duchess of Aquitaine, married our King Henry II, and so devolved the rule of her country upon the English princes, her sons, grandsons, and descendants. The English Kings had likewise been Dukes of Nor-



mandy ever since the time of William the Conqueror; and thus, when Bertrand du Guesclin was sent to oppose them, the English were masters of the French sea coast, excepting that of Britany, from Calais to Bayonne; whilst in Britany also, by the friendship of John de Montfort, they had obtained possession of several of his sea-ports.

After the battle of Auray, when John de Montfort was acknowledged Duke of all Britany, the Countess de Blois went to live on the small *apanage* of Penthievre; but though John agreed to a peace with Charles the Wise, he by no means chose to abandon his friends the English. He felt that almost all his knights were won over by the King of France; he knew that the King would be very glad of an opportunity of turning him out of his duchy, and that the English, on the other hand, would assist him to maintain it. He married now, or soon after, a grand-daughter of Edward III, and, induced by all these reasons, secretly engaged to allow the old King's troops to garrison St. Malo and other ports.

In the mean time Duke John still had at his

court a famous Breton knight, named Oliver de Clisson, who had been brought up with him, and had fought by his side all through the civil war. This knight requested a grant of the lands of Gavré which lay convenient to his castle at Blain, but the Duke had already given them to another of his faithful friends, Sir John Chandos. Clisson was of a violent, grasping disposition, and the refusal so incensed him, that, declaring no Englishman should ever be his neighbour, he made an inroad on the Gavré estate, set fire to the castle, pulled it down, carried off the stones to Blain, and built a tower with them, since known as "the Constable's tower." The Black Prince, as the friend both of De Montfort and Chandos, wrote to admonish him; Clisson, in his passion, answered by a challenge.

Duke John, who felt himself much offended, thought to get rid of this impetuous man for a time, by sending him to King Charles to claim some lands which had been promised him by the Treaty of Guarande (the treaty concluded after the battle of Auray). Charles's ministers told Clisson that if John de Montfort expected their master to observe that treaty, he should begin

by observing it himself; and then they showed the letters lately written to the King of England, admitting him to the sea-ports, which was quite contrary to the promises John had made at Guerande. Clisson, who was already very angry with his Duke, professed great abhorrence of this breach of faith, deserted his service, and went over to Du Guesclin, who received him with such esteem as even to declare him, according to the fashion of those times, his brother in arms.

The King of France had already ordered Bertrand to march into Britany, where he soon occupied many of the towns; but though he might feel it his duty to oppose the entrance of the English, yet it sadly grieved his heart to find himself at war with his own countrymen. In consequence of such feelings, at the attack of Hennebon, just when his soldiers were preparing to mount the breach, he motioned them back with his hand, dashed forward himself, and perceiving many of the townspeople mingled with the English troops, stayed the assault, whilst he made a sign that he wished to speak. The combatants stood still, and Du Guesclin, turn-

ing to the citizens, said, "Gentlemen, I am a Breton as well as you. Why should we be enemies? I come to give you peace. The English oppress you; let them fight it out with us: but you, my countrymen, spare me the sorrow of shedding your blood." The inhabitants cheered, and the English capitulated.

The truth was, that the Bretons were beginning to be very tired of supporting these foreign armies, though their Duke was not. He was now obliged to make his escape to London, and Du Guesclin drove the English from every place in the Duchy, except Brest. But, unfortunately for the Breton people, though he had called the English oppressive, he himself, in all main points of government, was not less so. He did not, it is true, rob the farmers, or suffer his soldiers to live at free cost; but, like the Black Prince, he laid a hearth tax on every house, and, which was far worse, he would not allow the slavery of the peasants to be abolished.\* Nay, he actually put in force again some of the tyrannical laws which Duke John had abrogated.

\* See Appendix.—Page 15.

This seems strange at first, yet so it was. Du Guesclin could be very kind to the labouring classes in his own way; but he considered that the power to do them good or harm was the right of the noblemen; and though the peasantry had been set free in all other parts of France, still he forbade their enfranchisement in Britany as a dangerous change.

After the expulsion of the English, and the flight of De Montfort, the King of France declared that John should no longer be Duke, and that he would take Britany himself as a part of his kingdom. But to this the Breton gentlemen would by no means consent; accordingly forty of them combined together, and sent to England to invite De Montfort back. He embarked at once with three hundred archers, and men-at-arms, and landed at Saint Malo. Thousands of people were on the shore to give him welcome, many of the principal barons rushing neck-deep into the water to meet him.

Du Guesclin and Clisson of course took no share in this league; but they told King Charles that their army could do nothing against the unanimous wish of the Bretons to be governed

by their own prince ; and Bureau de la Rivière, taking advantage of this declaration, persuaded the king that Du Guesclin was aiding his own countrymen against the army of France. When Bertrand heard of the foul suspicion thus cast upon his fidelity, and believed by the King, contrary to his promise to believe no accusation upon mere report, he sent back the sword of Constable, declaring that he would hold the command no longer ; “for that it was quite true that he was much afflicted to have any hand in ravaging his native country.”

The King felt his error, and sent the Dukes of Anjou and Bourbon to visit Bertrand at Pontorson. “Constable,” said Anjou, “my lord the King sends us two, my cousin and myself, because he finds you are displeased at his letting you know that certain persons tell him you took part with the Duke of Britany. Now, you ought rather to be glad when he informs you of accusations which he himself deems false. Here is your sword of office. Take it again, and come along with us. The King commands it.” Bertrand still said, “No ; he should go into Spain.” Anjou still pressing him, and Bourbon

joining his entreaties, Bertrand addressed himself to the latter, and said, "My Lord of Bourbon, I have been with you in all the great wars of the kingdom. Together, we drove Duke John from Britany, so that he had but one castle left. It is cruel to say that I have gone over to him; but as to asking me to remain in France, you are the prince who have been kindest to me, whom I would soonest trust, and to whom I am most bound, after the king; yet I declare to you, upon my faith, that as I have spoken so I shall perform."

The princes returned to Charles, and the Duke de Bourbon said, "My Lord, this will be the greatest loss you have had a long time, for a braver knight, or a more prudent, never lived. They did but ill who put this affront upon him." It is not perfectly understood how the quarrel ended; it is certain, indeed, that Bertrand was obeyed as Constable, till the last day of his life, but that day was near.

He left Britany, still beseeching the King to make peace with the Bretons, and to acquiesce in their present government. Then he went south into Auvergne; but whether because it

was on the road to Spain, or led by his military duties towards the King, or by some desire to oblige the Duke of Bourbon, does not seem clear. At Château Randan, near the sources of the Lot and the Allier, and not far from the town of Mendes, in the Gevaudan, was a fortress which still held out for the King of England. Bertrand invested this place, and before going to the assault, endeavoured, as his custom was, to induce the governor to capitulate. The Governor courteously refused, and afterwards resisted Bertrand's attack so vigorously, that Bertrand, unused to see his men repulsed, and harassed by all that he had lately endured, found his health affected, took to his bed in his tent, and soon felt that he should not rise from it alive.

Being sincerely pious, and having always lived in the fear of God, he sent for a priest, that he might fulfil the duties of the Catholic religion, confessing his sins, entreating pardon with many tears, and praying for his king, his country, and his wife. After this he again turned his attention to the fortress, and entered into treaty with the commander, and settled the



terms upon which he would surrender. Then, falling into conversation with his squires and knights, of whom a large number always followed him, he endeavoured to impress upon them the duties of knighthood in the fourteenth century. "My dear friends," he said, "never forget, when I am dead, what I have so often told you whilst alive, that, make war where he may, no true soldier will ever look on priest, child, woman, old man, or poor, or defenceless, as his enemy." Then, addressing Oliver de Clisson, he asked him to convey his dutiful farewell to the King, to bespeak the royal favour for his wife and brother, and to deliver up the Constable's sword, at the same time telling the other knights to let the King know that "Oliver was the man to bear it." These were nearly his last words.

There was deep sorrow throughout the army when the troops heard that their good Constable was really dead. The soldiers wept as if they had lost a father. The English in the castle, surrendering on the day that he had fixed, came and laid the keys upon his coffin, his spirit conquering though his clay was cold.\*

\* Mrs. Joanna Baillie.

Bertrand had intended to be buried in the church of the Dominicans at Dinant, the native place of his wife, Estifaine ; but the King, who was already lying on his own death-bed, ordered it otherwise, to do him honour. Du Guesclin's heart only was taken to Dinant : his body was carried in long procession to the abbey of St. Denis, where the Kings of France are interred, and placed in a tomb at the foot of that where Charles the Wise was, shortly afterwards, laid himself.

## APPENDIX.

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“THE Cymri (pronounced Kumri) were the first people who lived in Britany, and, before them, there was no man alive in it, nor anything else, but bears, wolves, beavers, and the cattle with the high protuberance.”

This is a sentence taken out of an old Welsh history; and the inhabitants of the Duchy of Britany are so closely connected with and allied to the early inhabitants of this country, that I must needs speak to you of both together. The Kumri were part of a great nation called Celts, or Cimmerians (pronounced Kelts and Kimmerians), who lived in Asia, probably in Chaldea. Some of these people crossed the Bosphorus, and spread themselves over the grassy plains of Tartary, Russia, and Poland. They travelled with their wives, and children, and horses, milking the mares, and drinking the milk; and if they rested long enough in one place to want houses, they dug caves in the ground. When the boys, and

girls, and colts, and other young animals grew up, and the horde wanted more grass for the horses, more caves for the young men, and also more forests to hunt game in, some of the families would begin to move on again, and thus at last they came quite across Europe, and arrived at the sea-coast.

One set of families then crossed over the Channel into England, another went into Armorica, the north-west corner of France, and a third towards the south-west. The Gaulish Celts, who went to the south-west, found a nation living there already; and they drove them away from the pleasant flat country into the steep valleys of the Pyrenees. This nation had a language of their own, and they called themselves *Escualdan*. This name was soon shortened, and changed, on the French side of the mountains to *Vasqué, Vascon, Gascon*,—on the Spanish side into *Basque*,\* and in Biscay there still are *Basques*, speaking that same language. The Celts of France often crossed the water to their friends in England. At one time a whole colony went to live in Northumberland. They were called Britains, after their leader, Prydain.

After this the Romans came from Italy, and oc-

\* Or you may say that the first change, *Vasque*, there remained permanent, as in Spanish V and B are often used for each other.

cupied both Britain and France; but they never could quite conquer either Wales or Armorica. Many desperate battles were fought, and those Britons in England who chose to be free, fled to their mountains, to Wales, Devonshire, Cornwall, and some to Strathclyd in Scotland. In Armorica they defended themselves in the thick woods and rough land near the sea. When Julius Cæsar wrote his commentaries, France was called Gaul. The Celtic word Gal means a stranger; and Britany, including Normandy, was called Armorica, Ymoreuch, meaning in Celtic on the sea-cliffs. Look at the map, and you will see that the north-west corner of France, and the south-west corner of England, stand out into the ocean like two horns. They are both formed of granite rock, which the waves can but very slowly wash away. The Romans noticed this shape, and called both Cornugallia,—Horn of the Gal.

About four hundred years afterwards, in 383, Maximus, the Roman governor in Britain, made himself Emperor of Gaul and Spain, and he is said to have sent Conan, a British officer, with a party of soldiery, to settle in Armorica. They were kindly received by the other Celts, for there was plenty of land for all, and from these Britons, Armorica took the name of Britany, or Little Britain. It is said that when these settlers desired to marry, they wish-

ed for wives from their own country, and accordingly a large party of ladies, and a great many poorer women, set sail from Cornwall, under the care of the Princess Ursula, the Duke's sister. Unfortunately a storm arose, they were driven up the Rhine, shipwrecked, and some drowned. But you will often see the landing of those who were saved near Cologne in the pictures of Claude and other painters. This story you are, however, to consider rather as a legend than as authentic history. Being tolerably good sailors, and able to understand one another, the Bretons on the opposite side the Channel kept up a constant intercourse. The old Celtic language was spoken in Cornwall till the time of Queen Elizabeth, and in Britany till about fifty years ago; indeed it is still prevalent in remote and retired districts. It is still spoken in Wales. At the siege of Bellisle, those of our soldiers who were Welsh could understand the Breton peasants.

When the Romans had quite abandoned Britain, and the Saxon Cerdic invaded our island, King Arthur was the great chieftain who opposed him. He is supposed to have lived in Glamorganshire, and to have been the Pendragon, or superior, of all the petty kings of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset. As the Saxon invaders continued to drive the Bretons before them from the eastern coast and midland

counties, the runaways took shelter with King Arthur, and fought by his side while he lived. He appears to have been a great man, a poet, and a warrior, and so much feared by the Saxons for his bravery and activity, that when he was mortally wounded, his soldiers carried him away to an island formed by the rivers near Glastonbury, and would not let his death be known, nor the place where he was buried, that the Saxons might still suppose he was coming again to give them battle. Many of his dearest friends then fled over the water to Britany, where the Saxons had also made an attack, and taken the little town of Bayeux in Normandy, which was included in Armorica, and for some time in Britany. Here, trusting to the prophecies of Merlin, another of their poets, the Bretons still kept up the fancy that Arthur was alive, or only in an enchanted sleep, and "Arturam expectare,"—"to expect Arthur," passed into a proverb for hoping against hope. Nay, many hundred years afterwards, Alanus de Insules, a writer born in 1169, says in his book, "If you do not believe me, go into Britany, and mention in the streets and villages that Arthur is really dead, like other men : you will not get away unpunished : you will be hooted by the people who hear you ; perhaps you will be stoned. He is even more known in

Asia than in Britain, as our pilgrims returning from Jerusalem will tell you."

This fresh remembrance of him was owing to the then discovery of some poems concerning Arthur, which everybody learned to read and sing. It was about the year 1100, that Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, a person very fond of old poetry, travelling in Brittany, met with an old chronicle in the Breton tongue called the History of the Kings of Britain, (that is, of Wales,) till the time of Cadwallader. This book he had translated into Latin by Geoffrey, a monk at Monmouth, and in it are to be found all the fine stories about King Arthur.

In 1189, King Henry II. of England requested the Abbot of Glastonbury to have diligent search made for the tomb of Arthur. Though the precise spot had been kept a secret, the Welsh bards still preserved a tradition that it was in that abbey, deep between two obelisks. This they told to Henry, and he to the abbot, De Soili. De Soili said that certainly there were still standing two old stone pillars, with letters carved upon them, too much worn to be legible. Down, therefore, they dug between these pillars, and about seven feet below the pavement came to a stone, and under it a leaden cross, with an inscription importing that King Arthur lay below.



Nine feet lower still was an oaken coffin, containing the bones of a man, and beside them some yellow hair, which made some persons think his second wife had been buried with him. Everything was put back as it had been found, except the sword, the famous Caliburno, which King Richard the First took with him to Palestine, and gave to Tancred the Norman.

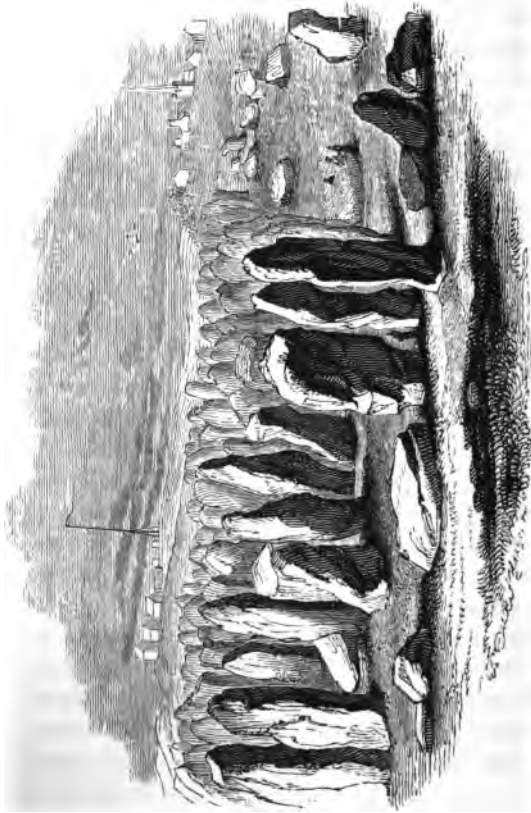
The Druids were the priests of Celtic Gaul and of ancient Britain until the people became Christians. When the Romans invaded Gaul, the Druids still found shelter in Britain, as they continued to do long afterwards, when the Romans, in their turn, were vanquished by the Franks, a new set of barbarian invaders from the banks of the Rhine, who conquered Gaul, and, from their own name, called the country France. In unconquered Britany the Druids still existed as late as the sixth and seventh centuries. They were the earliest poets of the land, for they had an order of bards amongst them, whose scholars were engaged in learning poetry, in some instances for more than twenty years. In these poems the Druids told by word of mouth whatever they thought too awful to be written down; and as their knowledge and reflection were far beyond that of the nation, either in Britain or Britany, it has been imagined that their wisdom came to them from the

East, by means of the Phœnicians, whose ships traded to the coasts of Britany and Cornwall for tin. Or they might themselves have brought it with their tribe from Asia : their terrible human sacrifices resemble those offered to the idol Moloch in Syria. The Druids were held in great reverence by the Celtic people ; for not only were they priests, — they were also schoolmasters and judges. They explained the law, held courts of justice, tried the accused, and pronounced sentence ; they taught astronomy and history ; they discoursed of God and a future state ; they even pretended to work miracles, and the people thought them magicians. When at last the Druids themselves came to believe in Christ, it was rather in a form of their own than as Roman Catholics. This was probably the reason why the Bretons held the same opinions, and did not submit to the Pope of Rome, for which fierce war was made upon them by the Franks, who, upon their conversion to Christianity, became zealous Catholics.

There are still great remains of Druidical places of worship at Carnac and Lokmarier, in Britany, very similar to those in Wiltshire, at Abury and Stonehenge. Mr. Alexander Logan visited Carnac in September 1825. He came first to the pretty little town of Auray, and then two miles farther, to a dolmen, or altar of sacrifice, a sort of shed made by large

stones set upright, and three great flat ones, laid across to form the roof: it stands on a little mount. All around, as far as he could see, the country was one wide common, covered with heath, furze, and bits of rock, with here and there a hamlet of stone cottages, and patches of stubble, rye, barley, and buck-wheat. There were also a few sheep and very small cattle. Beyond was the Atlantic ocean, and all along the shore, on the sandy points of land that run out into the waves, were long narrow shallow pits, dug for making salt by letting the sea-water dry away in the sun. After leaving the dolmen, he came to a hamlet and a few more farm-houses. There the road turns a corner, and he saw before him the village of Carnac, and beyond it, rather sloping up the side of a rising ground, quantities of great upright stone pillars, standing in rows and rows, like an army, between his eye and the sea. The carriage stopped, and he gazed at this strange sight, and thought of the people who must have placed these immense stones there, at least two thousand years ago, probably much more. The carriage went on again to a spot where the road passed close to a number of these stones. He got out, and found eleven rows, making ten lanes, none of them very wide. One lane was twelve feet wide, the next

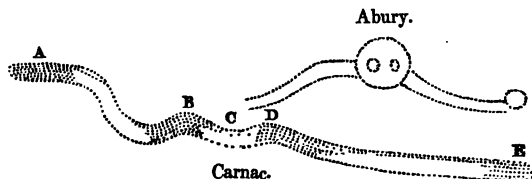




*Druidic Stones at Carnac in Brittany.*

twenty-four ; the others eighteen and a half—eighteen and a half—thirty—thirty—thirty-six—thirty-six—thirty and a half—thirty-six feet. The stones were not higher than from three to ten feet. There were about three hundred in this spot, standing or thrown down ; but as there were a great many more, looking much grander, on a hill to the east, he crossed the fields, finding everywhere an occasional block lying on the ground in his path, as if the lanes had formerly continued the whole way, and went up to them. These were fifteen and twenty feet high. There was another dolmen here, and the number of the stones in the lanes about fifteen hundred ; and here also it was plain that there had once been many more, as a windmill still higher up on a second eminence, and some farm-houses in the intervening hollow, and the walls of the gardens and fields, were all evidently built of fragments of the pillars that had been taken away. Of those which still remained standing, it was wonderful to think how such enormous masses could have been planted there ; for many of them were shaped like wedges, and stood upon the smaller end. From this hill he could see the ten lanes of stone pillars, winding along the common each way from the dolmen or altar where he stood, five or six miles in all. They formed a

waving line, like the bands of a serpent ; so they do at Abury in Wiltshire.



This is about the line in which the stones are planted.

- c. Where Mr. L. first got out of the carriage,      about 300 stones.
- d. Where he found the dolmen, and the highest  
blocks      .      .      .      about 1500.
- e. The windmill on a higher rise of the ground.  
Some farm-houses in a hollow between d  
and e.
- f. The stones here are larger than at c.      about 500.  
After f are fields where the stones have  
been cleared away.
- g. The place where the lanes of stone pillars  
end, near the village of Ardeven. There  
were lately on this spot      .      about 400.

General Sauvagire reckoned that, taking these four groups still standing, and those that lie scattered along the line between them, there are about four

thousand blocks of different heights remaining, and that the place of worship, when first constructed, must have had not fewer than ten thousand.

I have mentioned how France was first peopled by the Celts and Gauls, who found a great part of the country empty; then invaded by the Romans, who, being a civilized people, taught them many of the arts of life; and then by the Franks, who were barbarous ignorant savages. These Franks first overran Gaul from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, about the year 500 after the birth of Christ, quite hemming in the corner where the Bretons still defended themselves, and sending governors and garrisons, as the Romans had done before them, into the cities of Nantes, Vannes, Rennes, and others. These cities all paid tribute money, but still the unconquered Bretons found a corner of their country where they could remain free, speaking their own language, fervently worshipping in their own churches, (they had been Christians from about the year 300,) listening to their own clergymen, and not to the Pope of Rome, nor to the bishops of the Franks. When they were asked for tribute, they showed their swords, and said, "we pay it willingly, but we pay it in iron."

About two hundred and fifty years after this, a new set of Franks, from the borders of the Meuse



and Rhine, attacked the old set. From the year 768 to 814, Charlemagne was their leader and Emperor. He was far more educated and sensible than any other man of those times. Whilst he lived, his armies were everywhere victorious, and the Bretons were forced for a time to obey his troops, his governors, his laws ; but when he died, they were not afraid to fight against his son ; they took back their towns, and again they had rulers of their own, generally called Counts.

When these second set of Franks were beginning to grow idle in the pleasant houses and castles which they had taken away from the first set, another swarm of fierce and fearless robbers came to try to take all away from them. These were the Northmen, from Norway and Denmark. They landed on the sea coast, took the little Saxon town of Bayeux and the peninsula of Coutances, and many other towns, ravaging the country, driving away the poor people chained together in long strings, almost from the walls of Paris ; but when they came upon the land of Britany, that bold people defied them. There was a great deal of fighting ; the Northmen got into the country, but they could not keep it. All the land beyond the little river of Bresle on the south, and beyond the Couesnon, on the south west, was still Britany ; on the eastern side of the streams it was

from this time, called Normandy, after the Northmen. On the arrival of the second set of Franks, who were much stronger and more warlike than the first, being fresh from a colder climate and a hardier way of life, they did as every invading tribe had done before them. They took everything that they liked for their own; farms, parks, country-houses, castles: the rich men, who had lived in them, were turned out to work in the fields, or to die. Many battles were fought first, and thousands upon thousands slaughtered in the fight; but the new Franks did not wish to kill all the old set, they rather chose to have them for servants; they would not, however, let them be called Franks, for they said "a Frank man was a free man," they being the Franks themselves. The others were Kelts or Wilches, Gauls or Walloons, as they pronounced the name. These Walloons, that is the defeated people, were then obliged to be labourers and shopkeepers, and to live as they might, in little towns, cottages, and huts. Villa or vill, was a Roman word for a house in the country, so these poor people were called villains, as we now say villagers. The conquering Frank, who had turned out the former master, lived in the Castle; he paid no taxes to anybody, but he took money from the poor villain; he rode a horse, and was called a cavalier; he wore a sword and was a war-

rior; he said the others were his slaves, and that he was a Man, in his own Teutonic language, a Baron.

In Britany, it was nearly the same thing, though the ancient Bretons had settled in the country as peaceable colonists; still the leaders of those emigrants who came from Great Britain received the land marked out for them as their own, and their followers, or "*Vavasours*," were to cultivate it, and give them part as rent. There does not seem to have been, at first, any great hardship in this arrangement. The labourer had food and a garden or little farm instead of wages. But by and by these labourers came to be actually slaves, who might be bought and sold and put to death by their lords as if they were sheep or oxen. After the year 1000, it seems, however, that there were no longer any peasants actually in this most dreadful state of slavery. They then became servants or villains, or *serfs*, that is to say, slaves, attached inseparably to the land. They could no longer be taken to market and sold and sent away. They could not be killed by their lord, just because he happened to be angry; but they were obliged to stay in the place where they were born, and there to work; no matter whether their lord was cruel or the land bad, there they must remain, and if the lord or baron sold the land, he also

sold them with it. They did all the work, they mounted guard round the baron's castle and kept it in repair; they built him a new castle or a new church if he wanted one; they cleaned his moat, and his ditches; ploughed, manured and sowed his fields, got in his harvest, and carried a part even of their own corn to his ricks; carted his provisions and gave him a portion of theirs. If he made a journey, they were his innkeepers. There were houses at certain distances along the road appointed as *mangeries*, or eating-places. Generally the house belonged to the richest serf in the place, and the others brought food, and attended as waiters. When all these services had been performed, they might not themselves eat or drink, or move from home, without paying taxes to the lord. They would not have had the money to pay without selling the crops raised on their little farm, and living as hardly as possible. There were taxes to pay for everything; on wine, on eatables, on salt, on merchandize; and when they went to sell their corn, tolls for the bridge, the road, and the town gate; and for the corn that was sold, and the corn that was measured, and the corn that was ground, and for the oven, and for the bread. Even all this might have been endured if it had been managed by any certain rule, for it was money paid out of money gained; but the serf had no liberty or

certainty of any kind ; his time was not his own to gain the money ; if his lord wanted him, he must attend him to battle as a soldier, or to the forest as a hunter, or to the Count's palace as a running footman. If he wished to marry, he could not take a wife ; if he died, he could not leave his property to his children ; if he wished to lead a quiet life, and hide himself in a monastery, he could not even be a monk without permission from the lord. Everything depended on his good pleasure.

There were great Barons and lesser Barons ; lords with large estates, and others, often their own brothers and sons, to whom they lent a smaller portion, upon a promise to come forth with a certain number of soldiers in time of war. Sometimes these Barons governed their own estates and their own towns by their own laws, and would not let any Count of Britany be master over them. At other times the Counts, or Dukes as they afterwards came to be called, were rulers over all the Breton Barons ; whilst the Kings of France claimed to be rulers over the Dukes, and to have a right to their assistance in time of war. This plan of dividing the estates or lands among the noblemen, and obliging each lesser baron to come out with his serfs as soldiers to serve the next above him, was called the Feudal System.

The Kings of France had not, in reality, any feudal

right over Britany, but they were the strongest, and the Bretons became weaker and weaker by quarrelling amongst themselves. They descended, you will observe, from three races of people who did not like each other: the old Celtic race, who first settled in the country; the other Celts who came to them from Britain; the French, or Franks, who had come in with the invaders and the various garrisons, and lived principally at Nantes.

In 1138, Conan III, Duke of Britany, took pity upon some serfs who had been very cruelly treated. He ordered the manor house of Savary, Viscount of Donges, who had been a great tyrant over his people, to be rased to the ground; and he shut up Oliver of Pont Château, another wicked Baron, in the prison at Nantes; and, which was much more important, he appointed judges in the towns to whom the poor peasants might complain when they were wronged, and who were to do them justice. The peasants were no longer called villains, but commons; the terrible punishments to which they had been liable were changed into fixed fines; and these new laws in their favour were called Municipal.

But still, notwithstanding all these regulations, they were in a very different situation from the peasantry of the present day. They were in great measure dependent upon the will of the Barons, com-

pelled to render them very many inconvenient services without pay, and especially to follow them to war, whether they would or not, up to the period of the civil wars between the Counts of Blois and de Montfort.







*Howard relieving a Prisoner.*

LIFE OF  
JOHN HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

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It is proper to mention, that this account of Mr. Howard, the highly religious principle of whose character has not always been duly noticed by his biographers, is chiefly extracted from his life by Mr. Brown.

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CHAPTER I.

JOHN Howard was born at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, in Middlesex, about the year 1726, in an old house which had been for many years in the possession of his father and grandfather. More exact information as to the date of his birth cannot now be obtained. His father was an opulent London upholsterer, who

had retired from business. His remoter descent has been said to have been from the same stock with that of the Duke of Norfolk, and other ennobled branches of the Howard name; and the arms of that family are placed on the tombstone which he erected to the memory of his first wife in Whitechapel churchyard. But this evidence, which in reality is none, and which may have been merely the unauthorized work of the sculptor, is the only evidence which exists of his having been entitled to so noble a pedigree. He was sent to be nursed to the village of Cardington, near Bedford, where his father had a small farm, and he was afterwards placed at a school at Hertford, and subsequently at another in Moorfields in London, both of which were kept by Calvinistic Dissenters. His school acquirements were but inconsiderable, and he was never able to speak or write even his own language correctly. On leaving school, he was placed an apprentice with a Mr. Nathaniel Newnham, a grocer in Watling-street: but not liking the business, he withdrew from it after his father's death, in 1742. He afterwards travelled for a year or two on the Continent.

On his return to England, he took a lodging in Stoke Newington, a village to the west of Clapton and almost adjoining it: and here he married his first wife, in the year, as his biographer believes, 1752. The history of this marriage is a very remarkable one. The lady was a widow, a Mrs. Sarah Loidore, to whose house he had removed as a lodger, because he did not think himself treated attentively in his former lodging. His frame was always delicate, although he enabled himself by temperance, and exercise, and hardy habits, both to do much, and to bear much. At Mrs. Loidore's he fell ill, and was attended by his landlady with so much kindness, that on his recovery he offered her his hand in return, and this, though he was only twenty-five years of age, and she fifty-one. The lady remonstrated on the ground of the disparity of age; but Mr. Howard was not a man to relinquish any pursuit which he had once begun, and the match took place. It is said to have answered very well, and that he declared repeatedly (after his wife's death) that were he to marry again, he would prefer just such another mind and person as hers, to all the charms of

youth and beauty. She lived only two or three years after her marriage with Mr. Howard, and died Nov. 10th, 1755. After her death, in order to direct his thoughts from those melancholy recollections by which he was surrounded, Mr. Howard broke up his establishment at Stoke Newington, and set out on another journey abroad. His main object in this journey was to visit the city of Lisbon, which was still in ruins from the effects of the great earthquake of 1754, and he accordingly embarked on board a packet which sailed for that port, but was taken by a French privateer, and carried into Brest. Here he was thrown into prison, and for a short time treated with great and brutal severity, but was afterwards put on his parole, and finally permitted to return to England, on giving a promise to come back to his captivity, unless he could procure that one of the French naval officers who were in prison in England should be sent back in exchange. To this exchange, happily for Mr. Howard, the English government gave its consent; and it is to this event of his own captivity that he attributes the rise in his mind of those endeavours to amelio-

rate the then most neglected and loathsome state of prisons and hospitals, both in his own and in foreign countries, which formed afterwards the chief object of his life and pursuits.

Soon after his return from this captivity, Mr. Howard settled at Cardington, where he had made some purchases which added considerably to the little farm which he had inherited from his father. In April 1758 he married his second wife, the eldest daughter of Mr. Leeds of Croxten in Cambridgeshire, a most amiable and estimable woman, with whom he lived in the enjoyment of the most perfect domestic happiness, till separated from her by her sudden death, in March 1765, soon after she had given birth to an only son. During this happy period of his life, he occupied himself much in the improvement of his house and estate. He also employed himself actively, (and this of all his occupations seems to have given him the greatest delight,) to increase the welfare of his tenants and the comforts of the poor. In a diary kept during one of his foreign tours, he expresses a scruple about spending money, though frugally, abroad, which he might otherwise have

employed in making donations at home. He, at different times, pulled down all the cottages on his estate, and rebuilt them in a neat but simple style, endeavouring to guard especially against the dampness and unwholesomeness of the situation. He also bought, and rebuilt other cottages, and allotted to all of them a piece of garden ground, and generally ornamented them in front with a small court, fenced off from the road by white palings, and containing a bed or two of simple flowers, and here and there a shrub or an evergreen. His wife shared willingly, as long as she lived, in these kindly occupations. Dr. Aikin, who knew Mr. Howard, and wrote a life of him, says: "I remember his relating that once, having settled his accounts at the close of a year, and found a balance in his favour, he proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or any other gratification she chose. 'What a pretty cottage it would build,' was her answer, and the money was employed in this manner." These comfortable habitations he always let at a low rent to the most industrious and sober

people he could find, and was careful to furnish them with employment and to assist them in sickness and distress. He made it a condition of their tenure, that they should regularly attend some place of divine worship on Sundays, and that they should abstain from public houses, and from all such amusements as he thought were pernicious: and he secured their compliance with these rules by making them tenants at will. He also established schools, and these not for the children of his own tenants, only, but for the whole circle of his neighbourhood. He frequently visited the farmers and the poor, and used to converse with them with great affability, and was always kind to all his servants and dependants, who, notwithstanding his having a certain peremptoriness and stiffness of manner, attached themselves to him very strongly. The village schoolboys always put themselves in his way whenever they could, and he never failed to speak pleasantly to them, and to give them halfpence if he had any in his pocket, always concluding with telling them to be good children, and to wash their hands and



faces. He was also a liberal contributor to public charities, and a bountiful reliever of private distress.

Of his own place at Cardington he was very fond. The grounds, as they at present exist, or at least as they did exist in 1818, were formed entirely under his own direction out of a field of about three acres, which had formerly been a kind of homestead to the farm. They are laid out, his biographer says, with great taste, and have a kitchen-garden in the centre, so completely hid from observation by the shrubs surrounding it, that you can have no idea of its existence till you arrive at some of those narrow openings, overarched by spreading boughs, through which you enter it without the intervention of any gate or other artificial barrier to break the charm of so pleasing a deception. Between the shrubbery and the house is a very neat lawn, and the whole is surrounded by a broad gravel walk, sheltered from the heat of the sun by fine full-grown trees, or thickly-planted evergreens. In one part of the grounds this walk is skirted on each side by a row of very majestic firs, the plants or seeds of which

are said to have been brought by Mr. Howard himself from abroad, on his return from some of his earlier travels on the Continent. The still silence of this shady grove was his most favourite resort, and many a solitary hour he spent in its mossy path in devising, and many a social hour in communicating to his friends when devised, his schemes of benevolence. Some of the trees were planted by his wife; and it is related that when he was afterwards walking with his son round the plantations, and pointing out to him some farther improvements which he had meditated, he concluded with saying, though in a tone in which far too much of harshness was mixed up with the affectionate feeling which dictated the speech, "These, however, Jack, in case I should not come back, you will pursue or not, as you may think proper: but remember that this walk was planted by your mother, and if ever you touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you!" There is still also, (but the date is still 1818,) a root-house at the end of the pleasure-ground, and in this a small book-case in a recess in the wall, containing several of the books which Mr.

Howard had placed there. "The identical Bible also which was his constant companion in all his travels, still occupies the station in which he had been used to place it, whenever for a few short days or weeks he found a resting-place from his labours in the calm of solitude of the shades which he loved."

The old gardener, who was still retained about the place at the time when it is thus described to us, and who was then in his eighty-sixth year, made it the happiness of his old age to preserve all things unchanged and perfect, as far as he could. But unfortunately he was not able to prevail on the children of his new master to be as exact and orderly as he was himself. The following inscription, partly taken from a poem by a writer of the name of Brown, was placed over against the door of the root-house.

"Oh, solitude, bless'd state of man below,  
Friend to our thought, and balm of all our woe !  
Far from throng'd cities my abode remove,  
To realms of innocence, and peace, and love ;  
That when the sable shades of death appear,  
And life's clear light no more my eyes shall cheer,  
Its work may be fulfill'd, its labours done,  
By virtue measured, not a setting sun."

In the year 1773, Mr. Howard was made sheriff of Bedfordshire; and the duty of examining into the condition of the gaol at Bedford, which was imposed on him by this appointment, appears to have given the immediate impulse from which we may date his benevolent devotion of himself to the improvement of prisons. Seventeen years before, when he was himself a prisoner in France, he had sufficient evidence, he says, of the English prisoners of war in that country being treated with much barbarity. His humane representations at that time to our government had caused measures to be taken which served to mitigate, in a great degree, the sufferings of his unfortunate countrymen; and the cases which now came before him as sheriff roused him anew to the pursuit of similar objects, but on a larger and more complicated scene.

One of the abuses of the gaol system was that all prisoners, whether debtors or felons, and whether guilty or not guilty, who might be entitled to their discharge, were yet compelled to pay considerable fees to the gaoler and others, before they could obtain their liberty.

They who could not pay these fees were dragged back to gaol till they should pay them. One reason for this was that the gaolers were almost always tempted by the insufficiency of their regular salaries to make a profit by practising exactions on the prisoners, and this bad practice was also much winked at by the magistrates for the same reason. The allowances to the chaplains were also usually very inadequate, and in many gaols there was an absolute want of all religious instruction. Another great evil was that in many or most of the prisons throughout the kingdom, the rooms or dungeons for confining both felons and debtors were damp and unwholesome, close and crowded; and that a fever of the most malignant sort, and known by the name of the gaol-fever, prevailed in almost all of them. The more Mr. Howard inquired into these matters, the more worthy they appeared to him of his resolute and persevering investigation. He was a man who acted and felt intensely all through his life as a true disciple of our benevolent Saviour. On this high principle, and that he might make himself thoroughly master of the whole subject of prison

management and discipline, and so be the better able to remedy the great evils which he saw and deplored, he commenced, on the 4th of November 1773, a long series of journeys, which extended in the whole not only through Great Britain and Ireland, but also over almost all Europe.

In these journeys he travelled altogether a distance of fifty thousand miles, or more than twice the whole circumference of the globe. The shocking miseries of which he was often a witness in the course of these benevolent pilgrimages are really too dreadful for me to describe. In the first place he found the allowance of food to the prisoners almost universally insufficient, a point of the more importance, because the want of air and exercise, and the depressing effects of a prison on the spirits, require to be *compensated* by a more nourishing diet than is necessary for people who enjoy the blessing of liberty. In his first journey in England, he found at Exeter two sailors who had been condemned to pay a fine of a shilling each, detained in gaol till they should each pay a fee of 1*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* to the clerk of the peace, and another of

14s. 4d. to the gaoler. He found also at Exeter, and I think at some other places, that the surgeon of the gaol was excused, by his contract with the magistrates who employed him, from being required to visit in their cells any of the prisoners who might be ill of the gaol fever. Mr. Howard found that in the town gaol at Plymouth, one of the rooms for felons had neither light nor air but what was admitted through a wicket in the door, seven inches long, by five inches wide. Three men under sentence of transportation were confined in this room for near two months, and were obliged to take turns to come to this wicket for breath. In the gaol at Ely, which had been in a very dilapidated condition, till partly rebuilt about two years before Mr. Howard's visit, it had been the custom to secure the prisoners by chaining them down on their backs on a floor, across which were several iron bars, with an iron collar set with spikes about their necks, and a heavy iron bar over their legs. The only prison in the kingdom in which, at his first visit, he saw little or nothing to disapprove was that at Newcastle on Tyne, and he seems to have been on

the whole, pretty well satisfied with those at Maidstone and Canterbury. Together with the misery prevalent in most prisons, vice also abounded in them in a shocking degree. In the Fleet prison in London there were both wine clubs and beer clubs, and contributions to purchase liquor were levied on the prisoners. It is painful to us to be obliged to add, that Mr. Howard found the prisons abroad much better managed than our own; they were in general spacious, airy, healthy, and secure; the prisoners in them were supplied with proper food, and other necessities, and the gaolers had sufficient salaries. The great exception to this superiority of the Continent over England, was, that in some places, and Hanover was one, he found chambers and instruments of torture which had been used within even a few years. He also says that though in his visits to foreign prisons he was sometimes put to the blush for his native country, he had seldom occasion to envy foreigners anything which he saw with respect to their general condition, or with respect to their religion, manners, and government.



He did not meet with the gaol fever in any part of the continent. Of a spinning house, or Bridewell for women, at Amsterdam he gives a very pleasing account, although the women confined there were kept to work for thirteen hours a day. Some of them he found sitting in the presence of their mistress and preparing their different employments in a quiet and orderly manner. From their work he saw them go to their dinner. "The keeper, whom they called father, presided. He gave the command or signal for their leaving off their work. They sang a psalm before they left the working-room, and then descended into a neat dining room, where they seated themselves at two tables, and had several dishes of boiled barley, agreeably sweetened, set before them. On the father's striking his desk with a hammer they all stood up, when one of them read a short prayer with great propriety. They then sat down cheerfully to their humble fare, each filling her own bowl from a large dish that held enough for four; when one of them brought on a waiter slices of bread and butter which she served out to her fellow-prisoners. As I stayed longer than

a common visitant," adds Mr. Howard, "one of the prisoners went up to the mistress with the timid modesty of a suppliant, and asked permission to offer me the plate. The leave was granted. The mistress keeps all the money which is given in presents till it amounts to a sum sufficient to purchase a little tea or coffee for all to partake."

The Dutch houses of correction for the men had the title of Rasp-houses, the chief employment having been at one time that of rasping logwood. In some of these places the work done by the prisoners, maintained them so entirely that they were allowed a little extra time in which to earn what they could for themselves. "I have heard in England," relates Mr. Howard, "that a countryman of ours who was a prisoner in the rasp-house at Amsterdam for several years, was permitted to work there at his own trade, shoemaking, and by being kept at constant employment was quite cured of the vices which brought him into confinement. My informant," continues Mr. Howard, "added that this prisoner received at his release a surplus of his earnings, which enabled him to set

up in London, where he lived in good credit, and at dinner commonly drank the health of his worthy masters at the rasp-house." These plans, too, seem to have answered, for though Amsterdam contained two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, there had been only one execution during the ten years which preceded Mr. Howard's visit, and there were at that time only eighteen debtors in confinement.

In the house of correction at Mannheim a system was established, which if not quite so pleasant as that of the women's spinning house at Amsterdam, was yet, as we are told, not less salutary. The prisoners here were greeted on their entrance with what was quaintly called the *bien venue*, or welcome, which consisted in their being fastened, neck, hands, and feet, into a machine, and being stripped and flogged; after which they kissed the threshold and went in; and some were treated also with the same ceremony on their discharge. Mr. Howard thought that the prisons in France were very well regulated in general; but he speaks of the under-ground dungeons, which were those allotted to the worst criminals, and particularly

of those of the prison of the Bicêtre in Paris, as being places quite dreadful both to see and to think of. To the Bastile he could not gain admittance, though he made an effort which might have led to his being himself made a prisoner there. "I knocked hard," he says, "at the outer gate, and immediately went forward through the guard to the drawbridge before the entrance of the castle. But while I was contemplating the gloomy mansion, an officer came out much surprized, and I was forced to retreat through the outer guard, and thus regained that freedom, which for one locked up within those walls it would be next to impossible to obtain." He gained entrance into the other prisons by availing himself of an *arrêt*, or order of the parliament which had been passed in the year 1717, and which directed the gaolers to admit all persons desirous of bestowing charity on the prisoners, and to permit them to distribute it with their own hands. Mr. Howard found also that some of the French ladies were in the habit of personally visiting and relieving the prisoners, particularly the female prisoners, thus setting the example which has since been

followed in so noble a spirit in our own country by Mrs. Fry.

In 1777, Mr. Howard published a full account of the observations which he had made both in his own country and abroad, intitling the book ‘The state of the Prisons in England and Wales, and an account of some Foreign Prisons.’ To procure for this book, which was a considerable volume in quarto, the greater circulation, he ordered it to be sold at a very low price, a price not sufficient to indemnify him for the expense of printing. His exertions, moreover, in preparing and printing this book were not less singular than they were laborious and praiseworthy. The imperfection of his early education had been so great, that he both was and felt himself disqualified from writing for the press, though in the plainest style, any account of even what he had himself heard and seen, and acquired the exactest knowledge of. His method of proceeding, therefore, was this :—On his return from his tours, he took all his memorandum books to an old retired friend of his, who assisted him in methodising them, and copied over the whole matter in correct lan-

guage. They were then put into the hands of his friend Dr. Price, who again revised them. He then took his papers to Warrington in Lancashire, where they were printed. His reason for going to Warrington was that Mr. Aikin, afterwards Dr. Aikin, another of his friends, was resident there, and that he knew he could rely on him for all such farther assistance as he might want. Dr. Aikin, who is one of his biographers, says that "first he read his papers all over carefully with me, which perusal was repeated, sheet by sheet, as they were printed. As new facts and observations were continually suggesting themselves to his mind, he put the matter of them on paper as they occurred, and then requested me to clothe them in such expressions as I thought proper. On these occasions, such was his diffidence that I found it difficult to make him acquiesce in his own language even where unexceptionable."

While this work was going on, he took lodgings in a house close to the printer's, and was always called up through the winter by two o'clock, that he might have the undisturbed stillness of the morning hours, in which to re-

wise the sheets as they came from the press. At seven he dressed and breakfasted, and at eight repaired to the printing office, and stayed there till one, when the workmen went to dinner. "He then returned to his lodgings, and putting some bread and raisins, or other dried fruit in his pocket, generally took a walk in the outskirts of the town, during the time of their absence, eating, as he walked along, his hermit fare, which with a glass of water on his return, was all the dinner he ever took." After this dinner he again turned his steps to the printing office, and generally stayed there till the men left their work. He then went again to Mr. Aikin, to compare notes with him on what had been printed during the day, or spent an hour with some other friend in the place, or returned to his own lodgings, where he took tea or coffee instead of supper, and usually retired to bed at ten, or half past. "He did not retire, however, without closing the day with family prayer, a duty which he never neglected, though there was only his one domestic to join with him in it, always declaring that where he had a tent, God should have an altar." And this, too,

was his uniform practice, not only in England, but also abroad.

It seems extraordinary that a man of Mr. Howard's station and merit, should have been so deficient in the common elementary parts of education as not to be able to write even his own language correctly without assistance; and still more so that he did not improve in these respects by experience. It does not appear that he ever, eminent man as he was, displayed or gave indication of very remarkable intellectual powers, and it is probable that he might not have been able to attain any literary eminence though he had tried for it. He is related to have said of himself, "I am the plodder who goes about to collect materials for men of genius to make use of." He, however, possessed what is far better than genius, and we may also add, much more scarce than genius, namely, a great resoluteness of mind in the pursuit of the high and noble object he aimed at. He had, what the French call, *caractère*, a term opposed to unsteadiness or frivolity. This resoluteness is the quality, which, when joined to activity, creates a great man; and a man



who is altogether without it, however clever and intelligent, can yet essentially be only a very poor creature indeed. Of Mr. Howard's great energy of character we have many instances, instances which prove also that he had no less courage than he had perseverance. The remarkable ascendancy which he had over men's minds was, no doubt, as much owing to this cause, as to his disinterested and signal humanity. During a riot in the Savoy prison in London, in which two of the keepers were killed, and when no one else dared to approach the prisoners, who were two hundred in number, Mr. Howard, in spite of all dissuasion, insisted on going to them. His mild and at the same time firm manner, soon calmed their violence: they listened to his remonstrances; stated to him their complaint in a peaceable way, and at last allowed themselves to be taken back quietly to their cells.

Among the principles which Mr. Howard enforces in his work on prisons, one of the most prominent is that work ought always to be found for all classes of prisoners, and that they ought to be allowed their extra earnings for

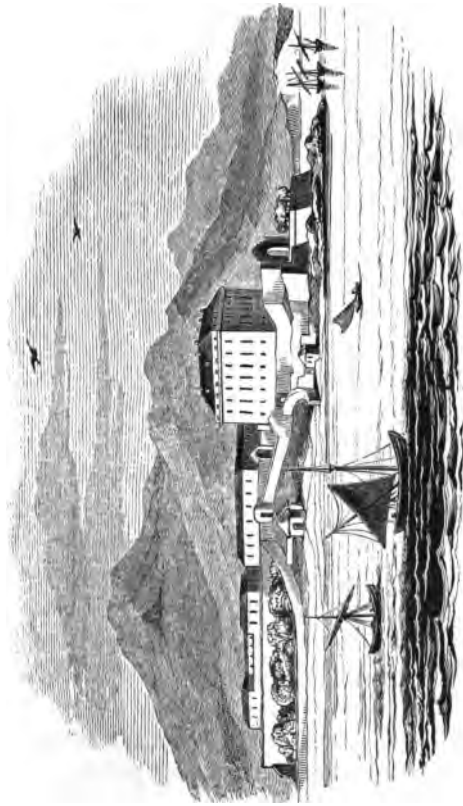
themselves. There were many who thought that if prisons were made too comfortable, the prospect of being confined in them would lose its effect. But to this Mr. Howard answered, that "with respect to the more humane treatment of the prisoners in the article of food, lodging, and the like, he ventured to assert that if it be joined with such strict regulations in preventing all dissipation and riotous amusement as he had inculcated, confinement in a prison, though it might cease to be destructive of health and morals, would not fail to be sufficiently irksome and disagreeable, especially to the idle and profligate." After the publication of this work, Mr. Howard retired for a time to Cardington, where he passed the rest of the year in the full enjoyment of that country life which he loved so well, and of his usual kindly intercourse with his dependants and neighbours.

In the month of August of this year, 1777, he obtained a considerable accession to his fortune by the death of his only sister, a circumstance here chiefly worthy of attention, as it enabled him to go on in his benevolent career

the more vigorously, and without infringing on his son's inheritance.

In April 1778, Mr. Howard set out on another long journey through a great part of the continent, crossing first from Harwich to Rotterdam, and visiting Vienna, Trieste, Venice, Rome, and Naples: whence he returned to England by Leghorn, Florence, Ratisbon, Antwerp, and Paris. In this, and in all his subsequent journeys, he added a diligent investigation of the condition and management of the hospitals and lazarettos in the different countries which he visited, to his renewed inquiries into the state of the prisons.

The word lazaretto is now usually appropriated to the hospitals for the reception of persons afflicted with contagious diseases. On the coasts of the Mediterranean, where ships are perpetually arriving from the Levant or other parts in which the plague is frequently prevalent, lazarettos are to be found in almost every port; and in these the sick of that dreadful disorder are received, and at the same time closely guarded from all communication which may spread the disorder.



*Lazaretto at Spezia.*



One of the religious orders of the church of Rome had the title of the order of St. Lazarus ; and indeed there is no more beautiful feature in the whole history of our religion than that of the benevolent devotedness with which several societies both of monks and nuns in that church have given themselves up to the truly charitable office of nursing the sick. The sight of people engaged in this kindly and pious employment was a scene to strike quite home on the heart of such a man as Mr. Howard. In his account of his visit to Florence, in particular, he speaks of the nuns as the nurses, and the monks as the physicians as well as the priests, of the hospitals and other charitable institutions with which the city abounded. In Rome he found, and has described, a *confraternita della misericordia*, or brotherhood of mercy, of another and a very singular description. "This brotherhood consisted chiefly of noblemen of considerable families. After a prisoner was condemned to death, one or two of the members of this brotherhood came on the midnight before his execution to inform him of his sentence, and continued with him to the last, joining the confessor in exhorting and

comforting him, and at the same time, according to the general practice of the Continent, offering him his choice of the most delicious food. The whole fraternity, dressed in robes of white, afterwards attended the execution. The body was left to hang till evening, and even then they did not desert it. One of their number, generally a prince, then cut it down, and ordered it to be interred."

Mr. Howard was so fortunate as to visit Tuscany while it was under the government of the Grand Duke Leopold, who appears, by all the accounts we have ever had of him, to have been a most humane and fatherly sovereign. In Rome he found the principal prison magnificent externally, but close and wretched within. The prison of the Inquisition was inaccessible to him, and after lingering two hours in the court, and the apartments of the priests, he thought it imprudent to stay there any longer. In two of the hospitals at Naples he found wards designed particularly for persons wounded by the stilettos of bravos or assassins, and even heard some of the criminals express a self-satisfaction that though they had stabbed, they had never

robbed. This vice of stabbing is a well known imputation on the Italian character; and Mr. Howard found that at Milan also the greater number of surgical cases was of persons wounded in sudden quarrels or assaults. On his return he found in passing through France many of his countrymen who had been taken prisoners in the war which had then recently broken out. These prisoners were much better treated than he himself had been when he endured the hardships of a captivity in the same country twenty-two years before. Much yet, however, remained to be done for them. At Calais the prison was so crowded, that he thought it his duty to remonstrate with the French authorities; and it is to be added, much to their credit, that his remonstrances were duly attended to. On his return to England, he laid before the government what he had thus learned concerning the treatment of our countrymen abroad, and also, and with equal zeal, the complaints of the severe usage of many of the French prisoners in England.

In November 1779 he again took up his quarters at Warrington, and printed there,



with Dr. Aikin's help, as before, an account of what he had seen and done since the publication of his former volume. To this, his 'Appendix on the State of Prisons,' he prefixed, by way of motto, a sentence which he had seen inscribed in the hospital of St. Michael at Rome, and which may be translated as follows: "It is doing little to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you make them good by discipline." In the conclusion of this appendix he states that he now meant to retire "to the tranquil enjoyment of that easy competence which a kind Providence had bestowed on him, happy in the idea that he had in some degree been the instrument of alleviating the sufferings of a numerous and unhappy set of people, and that he had excited the attention of his countrymen to their sad case."

It is hardly in nature, however, for a man of high principle and unwearied activity, though he may sigh for repose when he feels his spirits over-fatigued, yet to continue long unemployed, or employed in matters of only ordinary importance. In May 1781, Mr. Howard set out again on another tour on the Continent, through

Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. In Denmark he found a mode of punishment adopted which is represented as having been at once easy and efficacious, in consequence, apparently, of the disgrace of it being accompanied with ridicule. The practice which he describes is that of making offenders walk through the streets, attired in what was called a Spanish mantle. This was a sort of tub formed of in-bent staves, narrowing from the top to the bottom. Into a hole in this tub the culprit put his head, and supported its weight on his neck and shoulders, and had his body covered by it to his knees. In Stockholm Mr. Howard found it the practice to strew rooms with the shoots of the spruce fir, or the juniper, to prevent infection. In Petersburg he witnessed the infliction of the horrible punishment of the knout. From Petersburg he proceeded to Moscow, and thence returned to England through Poland, Silesia, and Prussia, and then again through Holland and the Netherlands, and reached Cardington in December. In 1782 he made several journeys, on his great mission of inspecting prisons and hospitals, through va-

rious parts of England, and also in Scotland and Ireland. At Shrewsbury there were several Dutch prisoners of war in confinement, and most of these left by their Government in dependance even for the supply of shoes and stockings on such charity as they could find in England. That charity was not wanting, and a subscription had been raised for them. But the poor prisoners were as yet no better for it. A secret influence kept them still in want, in order to induce them to enter as seamen in English ships. Mr. Howard was not a man to tolerate such conduct as this. He got possession of the clothing which had been purchased, and took it himself to the prison, and distributed it, and then warned the prisoners not to forget their duty to their own country so far as to serve against her under the flag of an enemy; and he assured them that he would take care that the names of any who did so should be transmitted to Holland, where, if taken, they would inevitably be hanged. This is a disagreeable story, and not the less so because it reminds us that in Mr. Howard's tour in France in 1778, he had had occasion to dis-

suade in like manner the English prisoners from yielding to the ungenerous solicitations to which they were exposed to engage in the service of France.

In January 1783, Mr. Howard again left home for the Continent. Portugal was now his first object, and from Portugal he proceeded to Spain. He tells us that in Lisbon even criminals convicted of capital offences were sometimes allowed to go out of prison on parole, and that it was said that, on one occasion, a person who had obtained this indulgence was ordered for execution seven years after sentence had been passed on him. He was then at work in the country, but, on receiving the gaoler's summons, returned immediately to meet his doom. It is satisfactory to be able to add, that for this punctuality, which was in some sense nobler than that which is related of Regulus, he obtained a pardon.

At Madrid, Mr. Howard was introduced to the grand Inquisitor, who conducted him to the tribunal of his dreadful court, which was hung with red. He saw also the tribunal rooms of the same court at Valladolid, and in one of

these rooms a representation of a great *auto da fê* in 1667, when ninety-seven persons were burned. But he could not obtain any material information as to the secrets of these dreadful prison houses.

He found, moreover, that the torture was sometimes inflicted on criminals, not only in Spain and Portugal, but even in France also, in Germany, and in the Netherlands.

He even found it used at Hanover and at Osnaburgh, and after his return from his long foreign journeys of the years 1781, 1782, and 1783, he presented to the Duke of York, who was Prince Bishop of Osnaburgh, a copy of the new and enlarged edition of his book. The riband mark of the volume he fixed at the place where he speaks of the torture at Osnaburgh, and expresses himself convinced that it would not be suffered much longer. He had before seen the young Prince himself, and had obtained a promise from him that he would have it abolished as soon as he came of age. This, however, was not done, as he found the case still worse than before when he made a subsequent visit to the same place in 1789.

Such is the difficulty which even the best intentioned persons find (Princes, perhaps, most of all) in bringing about the real correction of abuses. No one doubts the humanity of disposition of the late Duke of York.

But let us hasten from this horrible subject, on which it shall only be mentioned farther, that, even in our own county of Suffolk, Mr. Howard found that the magistrates had sent a gaoler thumbscrews to fasten the prisoners together, like dogs in couples, that they might be prevented from escaping from a dilapidated Bridewell at Lavenham. But this practice, though very bad, was not to be compared with that of the penal infliction of torture, or what is still worse, the practice of inflicting it to extort confession.

Mr. Howard, after his return from this journey, went to Warrington to superintend, as before, with Dr. Aikin's assistance, a new edition of his book; and thence to Cardington. In 1785 he again went abroad, chiefly with the view of perfecting his observations on lazarettos and hospitals, and the means of preventing the spread of infectious diseases. He went first to

Holland and thence to Brussels; and from Brussels to Paris, in his way to Toulon and Marseilles, places which it was among his principal objects to visit. Immediately on his arrival at Paris, which was at night, he took a place in the Lyons diligence, or stage, which was to set out at three the next morning. He then went himself to an obscure inn, and hoping to get an hour or two's sleep, went to bed. But it appears that by his former interference to prevent English prisoners from entering into the French service, he had too much roused the jealousy of the police to pass unnoticed. In the diligence which had brought him to Paris, he had been accompanied by a man in a black wig. This man was a spy, sent with him by the French ambassador at the Hague, who had traced his way through the Netherlands. He had scarcely fallen asleep before he heard a tremendous knocking at the door of his room. On the door being opened, the chambermaid entered bearing two lighted candles, and preceding a formal dressed man in black, with his hands in a muff, who solemnly interrogated him to this purport. "Are you John Howard?"

To this Mr. Howard answered; "Yes, and what of that?" "Did you not travel from Brussels with a man in a black wig?" To this question, though repeated, Mr. Howard would scarcely give an answer, and his visiter then left the candles on a table in the room and departed. Mr. Howard immediately dressed himself, and left the house as soon as he could, and at the regular hour of starting, took his seat in the diligence. This promptitude saved him. He was pursued but not overtaken. Nor would he have got off, even thus, but that the head officer of the police was at the moment absent from Paris, and had left orders, in consequence of there having been several arrests lately made on false or frivolous grounds, that no more should take place till his return.

On his arrival at Marseilles, Mr. Howard found himself there also menaced by the same danger which had driven him from the capital, and therefore hastened to leave the kingdom without delay. Embarking at Toulon he proceeded by Nice and Genoa, to Leghorn, where the lazarettos had been greatly improved by the exertions of the Grand Duke, and were at



this time the best in Europe. From Leghorn he went by way of Pisa to Rome, where he was introduced to the then Pope, the estimable but unfortunate Pius VI. The ceremony of kissing the pontiff's toe was on this occasion dispensed with. At parting, however, the good old man put his hand on Mr. Howard's head, and dismissed him with these words. "I know that you Englishmen do not mind these things, but the blessings of an old man can do you no harm."

From Rome Mr. Howard went on to Naples, and thence to Malta for the sake of seeing and making observations on the far-famed hospital of the Knights of St. John in Valette. His zeal next carried him to Smyrna, that he might inquire into the nature of the plague in this the reputed seat of its principal ravages, and from Smyrna to Constantinople. He informs us that all the hospitals at Smyrna belonged to the Franks or Europeans; and that the few Turkish hospitals at Constantinople were mere caravanserais. In every Turkish city a separate prison was assigned to the debtors.

About a fortnight before his arrival at Constantinople, an event had taken place very illus-

trative of the summary way in which justice, or injustice, was often administered there. The supply of bread to that great city was a matter under the control and charge of the grand chamberlain. Complaints had been made to the grand visier both of its weight and its quality; and the grand visier consequently sent for the grand chamberlain, who apologized as well as he could, and assured the minister that more care should be taken in future. The visier then dismissed him without any farther observation, but ordered an executioner to follow him, and strike off his head in the street: and Mr. Howard was informed that this had accordingly been done, and that the body had lain exposed for three days, with three light loaves beside it, to denote his crime. Mr. Howard was surprised that this exposure for so long a time in so hot a climate had not bred a contagion; but he found on farther inquiry, that three days in England, and three days at Constantinople, as we all know was the case also anciently in India, may denote very different periods of time. The execution took place in the evening of one day; the body remained du-

ring the whole of the following, and was removed early in the morning of the third.

It had been Mr. Howard's first intention to return home from Constantinople by way of Vienna. But on farther consideration he determined to go again to Smyrna, where the plague had lately prevailed and still lingered, and whence consequently no ship could yet sail with what is called, a clean bill of health, or a certificate that no infectious disease prevailed in the place. By embarking, therefore, for Europe at Smyrna, he would gain a personal experience of the quarantine discipline of the port to which he should go. In his way to Smyrna, he went to Scio, where he found a hospital for lepers. In this hospital were a hundred and twenty patients, who were lodged very agreeably in separate rooms, and had little gardens allotted them which furnished potherbs, and almonds, figs and grapes. At Smyrna Mr. Howard embarked for Venice. On his arrival at Venice he was placed, as he had expected to be, in the lazaretto, where he continued for the full period of forty days. In consequence of the closeness and unhealthiness of this place, of

which he says, however, that the regulations were excellent, and that there was little wanting but that they should be observed, he left it in a very weak state of health, and was obliged to stay a week in the town to recruit himself. We have heard frequent mention of the despotic character of the Venetian government, and of its vigilance to repress all conversation on matters of state. Mr. Howard, on his return to England, related to one of his friends some anecdotes to this purport, which are quite equal to anything which has ever been told of the free use of the bowstring or scymitar in Turkey. One of these anecdotes is, that a senator of the Republic was called up one night from his bed by an officer, and commanded to follow him. He obeyed the summons, and found a gondola waiting near his door, in which he was rowed out of the harbour to a spot where another gondola was fastened to a post. Stepping into this, and the cabin door being opened, a dead body with a rope about the neck was shown to him, and he was asked if he knew it. He answered that he did, and shook through every limb as he spoke; and he was then conveyed back to his

house, and nothing more was ever said to him on the subject. The body which he had seen was that of his children's tutor, who had been seized and strangled that very night. The senator had unguardedly conversed with him on some slight matter of politics, which he, no less unguardedly, mentioned to others. For this imprudence, the unfortunate young man had been strangled by order of the state, while the senator himself was thus admonished of the indiscretion he had been guilty of in conversing with him on a prohibited subject.

From Venice Mr. Howard went to Vienna, where he had an interview with the Emperor, in which he pressed urgently on his attention the improvements requisite in the prisons and hospitals throughout his dominions. The Emperor conversed with him freely and openly, shook him by the hand, and said that he had given him much pleasure. "I admire," says the philanthropist in his diary, "his condescension and affability, his thirst and desire to do good, and to strike out great objects. He was not a month on the throne before he saw every prison and hospital. Now he continually and unexpectedly looks into all his establishments."

The Emperor in his turn praised our countryman to his minister, Count Kaunitz, for not having pleaded for the prisoners with soft and flattering speech that meant nothing. This interview with the Emperor of course drew on Mr. Howard much observation; and before he left Vienna, the governor of Upper Austria and his Countess came to call on him. The governor asked him what he thought of the state of the prisons in that province in particular. "The worst in all Germany," answered Mr. Howard, "particularly in the condition of the female prisoners; and I recommend your Countess to visit them personally, as the best means of rectifying the abuses in their management." "I?" said she haughtily; "I go into prisons!" and, saying this, both she and her husband descended the staircase so hastily, that Mr. Howard was afraid of some accident to them. He called after the lady, however, in a loud tone of voice, "Madam, remember that you are a woman yourself, and must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

Mr. Howard returned to England early in February 1787, and occupied the greater part both of that and of the following year in new travels of inspection and inquiry into the state of the prisons and hospitals in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In these, I am sorry to say, he still found many of the abuses unreformed, which he had so long laboured with so much zeal to correct. In October 1788 he was again at Warrington, engaged in printing, in the same manner as before, his last work, "An account of Lazarettos." \* He printed also at the same

\* "An Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe, with various papers relative to the Plague; together with farther observations on some Foreign Prisons and Hospitals, and additional Remarks on the present state of those in Great Britain and Ireland." The motto in the title-page of this volume is the text "*O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner come before thee.*" Mr. Howard had observed that this sentence, when read during divine service in the course of the daily Psalms, had produced great effect on the minds of the prisoners in Lancaster castle. To conclude here the account of his published works, a short appendix, containing a few observations made by him in his last journey, (that from which he never returned,) was published after his death by Dr. Aikin.

time a translation of the penal code of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. These were his last publications.

In July 1789, Mr. Howard again went abroad, never again to return to his native country. His motives to undertake this last journey were to obtain farther information concerning the plague, and also, it is supposed, to withdraw his mind, by resuming a life not only useful, but also full of the excitement of change of scene and situation, from the pressure of a most severe domestic calamity. His only child, the son of his second wife, had turned out very ill, and was now a lunatic. Some hope yet lingered of his possible recovery; but this hope was not realized, as he continued in a state of insanity till his death, which took place in 1799, in the lunatic asylum at Leicester.

Mr. Howard, before he now quitted England, added a codicil to his will, by which, in addition to a small legacy which he had before left for the benefit of poor prisoners, he bequeathed a larger towards the formation of a society for the alleviation of the miseries of prisoners, that great object which he had always had so much



at his heart. He felt at this time a sort of anticipation that he should never return, and said to several of his friends that he was persuaded he should never meet them again, adding in taking leave of one of them, that "the way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London."

Before he left Cardington, he took an affectionate leave of all his tenants and humbler neighbours, and on the evening before his departure went for the last time into the fir walk of his garden, of which his late beloved wife had taken a share in the planting, and gave directions to his old gardener to keep up the grounds as they then were, whether he should or should not live to return. His route after leaving England was by Amsterdam, through Prussia and Poland to Petersburg, and thence to Moscow, and from Moscow to Cherson, a town and port made by Catherine II. on the banks of the Dnieper, not very far above its junction with the Black Sea. Both at Cherson, and at other places which he visited in the neighbourhood, he found the hospitals in a most wretched state; and I need hardly add that he endeavoured all he

could to introduce a better, and kindlier, and cleaner regimen into them. Nor were these his endeavours wholly unsuccessful.

During his stay in Cherson, a fever, supposed to be infectious, broke out in the town and neighbourhood, and one of the persons who sickened, and eventually died of this fever, was a young lady who resided at about twenty-four miles distance. Mr. Howard, though he at first refused, saying that he was a physician only to the poor, was prevailed on to visit her. On taking his leave after a second visit in the end of December, he said that he feared he could be of no farther use, but desired that he might again be sent for if she got better. Contrary to expectation she did get better, and he was accordingly requested to come again; but unfortunately the letter containing this request was delayed in the delivery for eight days. When he at length received it, he set out immediately on horseback. The weather was cold and tempestuous, and the rain fell in torrents, and he found his patient in a dying state. It was his own opinion that he caught on this sad occasion the infection of this poor sufferer's dis-

ease. But however this may be, he was seized a few days after his return to Cherson by a violent fever, and continued to get worse and worse till he breathed his last, at about eight in the morning of January 20, 1790. Of the details of this last illness it needs only to be said that those bright hopes of the future which had been the stay of his life, did not now desert him. The last sentences of his diary were written at this time, and express both his hope in, and his dependence on, God : and we have also an account of an interview which he had during his illness with Admiral Priestman, who was then residing at Cherson. The Admiral, on whom Mr. Howard, before his illness, had been in the habit of calling almost every day, on his now omitting to come as usual, went to his house to inquire for him, and found him weak and ill, sitting before a stove in his bed-room. He thanked the Admiral for coming to see him, said that his end was approaching fast, and that he had several things to say to him. Admiral Priestman, who thought that this tone of thinking might, in part at least, arise from melancholy, endeavoured to turn the conversation,

and tried to make him think that he was not ill so much as low-spirited. Mr. Howard, however, assured him that this was not the case, and added in a very impressive but cheerful manner, "Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling upon death: but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other." He afterwards turned from this subject to that of his funeral. "There is a spot," he said, "near the village of Dauphigny; this would suit me nicely: you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there." Dauphigny was a place near Cherson, and the particular spot was in the grounds of a French gentleman, who had shown many acts of kindness to Mr. Howard. "Let me beg of you," he added, "as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over

my grave, and let me be forgotten." This is a most impressive proof that reputation itself, and even the reputation of virtue, had never any charms for this great man, or at least that his humility was such that it was one of the most sincere objects of his whole life to suppress, as far as it was in his power so to do, all public testimonies to his merits. Indeed he could never bear to have any merit attributed to him. In 1786, while he was detained in the lazaretto at Venice, he had received intelligence that a subscription was set on foot in England for the erection of a statue or some other monument to him. This subscription was zealously espoused, and much discussion took place both then and afterwards as to the mode of carrying the intention of it into effect. But the distress which the mere proposal caused to Mr. Howard when he heard of it was poignant and painful in the extreme; and in his correspondence both at that time and afterwards, he speaks of it as a great source of affliction to him. "Conscious as I am," he said to one of his most intimate friends, "of my many sins and imperfections, I must always view with pain and ab-

horrence every attempt of my friends to bring me forward to public view and approbation. If therefore, you love me, if you value my peace of mind, you will use your utmost endeavours to prevent any similar attempt in future." He had declared also that the erection of a statue to him would have had the effect of banishing him from his own country for ever. In the same manner he had said to Prince Kaunitz, who told him that though he would not suffer a statue to be erected to him in England, the grateful inhabitants of the prisons of Vienna would certainly place one to him there, "I have no objection to its being erected where it shall be invisible."

To the Howardian fund,—as, notwithstanding his prohibition, the subscription raised in England was still called,—even during his life a little more than fifteen hundred pounds was contributed. Of this sum about five hundred pounds was returned to the subscribers; two hundred pounds was devoted to the discharge of poor prisoners in London, of whom it effected the release of no fewer than fifty-five; a part of the remainder was expended in striking a medal of

Mr. Howard, which was distributed among the subscribers, and the surplus was contributed, after his death, to the erection of a statue of him by Bacon in St. Paul's Cathedral; and this is the first monument which was erected there.

It is gratifying to record, that that kind Providence which is so often merciful to us beyond all that we ask or think, had yet, even on the melancholy subject of his son's state of mind, some consolation for Mr. Howard's last hours yet in store. After Admiral Priestman had left the house to obtain permission for the interring his body in the place he had mentioned, a letter arrived from a friend in England, who had lately seen his son at Leicester, and who expressed a hope that his father would find him much better on his return. When this pleasing account, which he was too ill to be able to read himself, was read to him by his servant, it affected him greatly, and excited in him very strong expressions of delight. He repeatedly desired his servant to tell his son, if this hope should be verified of his being restored to his reason, how much and how fervently his father in this his last illness had prayed for his happiness; and

when Admiral Priestman returned he gave him the letter to read, and when he had read it, turned his languid head on his pillow, and said: "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" He then begged the Admiral to prevent all interference on the part of the Russian priests, and to read the burial service of the Church of England over his body. He was buried in the spot he had chosen, which is at the distance of about five versts from Cherson, and the funeral was attended by many of the inhabitants of that town of all ranks and conditions, who were glad thus to express their respect and admiration for the truly good man who had died amongst them. Instead of the sun dial, which he had desired might be his sole memorial, a small brick pyramid was erected over his grave. This was surrounded with some stone posts connected by chains. But when Mr. Heber, (afterwards Bishop Heber,) visited the place, these posts and chains had quite disappeared; and nothing seemed likely to arrest the progress of destruction.

On the intelligence of Mr. Howard's death reaching England, it was announced to the



public in the London Gazette of March 23, a distinction never conferred either before or since on any private individual. Besides the monument in St. Paul's which I have already mentioned, his name, and age, and the time and place of his death, together with the sentence, *Christ is my hope*, were inserted, as he had himself desired, under the inscription to the memory of his wife in Cardington church. It is, I think, worth adding that the appropriate sentence, "Who went about doing good," was selected as the text for three out of four sermons mentioned by his biographer as having been preached on his death by some of those ministers to whom he was particularly known.

In person, Mr. Howard was rather a little man, thin and spare, of a sallow and often pale complexion, with large features and a prominent nose. His eye was keen and penetrating, his gait and gesture animated and alert, and his demeanour gentle and benevolent, but at the same time rather precise and formal, and he is said to have had something of a foreign air. When at Toulon, in his journey of 1785, he obtained admission into the arsenal by dressing

himself in the height of the French fashion, putting his hat under his arm, and so entering without exciting any suspicion. We are told of him that while he lived at Newington, before his first marriage, he would often ride out in the morning with a book in his pocket, dismount, turn his horse to graze upon a common, and spend several hours in reading. He was always very exact in the distribution of his time, rigidly punctual to all his own engagements, and he always expected others to be equally so in their engagements with him. He never drank wine or any other fermented liquor, and in the latter part of his life abstained entirely from animal food. Indeed, he at last came to think that this abstinence was almost, if not quite, a religious duty. In his last journey he wrote the following passage in his diary. "The Lord planted a garden for mankind in the beginning, and replenished it with all manner of fruit and herbs: this was the place ordained for man. If these had still been his food, he would not have contracted so many diseases in his body, nor cruel vices in his soul." To this adherence to a vegetable diet, he in great measure

ascribed his own calmness of temper and presence of mind, which was so great, that he was wont to say that even though his house should fall under him, he should not feel the slightest discomposure. He was also careless as to what vegetables were set before him, and would even dine heartily on a crust of bread, and a glass of water, and at almost any hour. But this appears from what has been said already of his mode of life at Warrington, when he was printing his books. In conversation he usually sat with his watch in his hand, resting the hand on his knee, and when the moment arrived, which he had fixed for his departure, he arose, took his hat, and went away. This, his resolute concentration of himself on one object, he carried also to a most injudicious extreme. While on his tours he always declined all invitations, and abstained from visiting any object of curiosity, how attractive soever, and even from looking into a newspaper. Nothing could divert him for a moment from his main pursuits, and the whole of the time which was not necessarily occupied in sleep or given to his devotions, he employed in minuting down and ar-

ranging his observations on what he had seen. He once was persuaded to go to hear some very fine music in Italy, but finding that it engrossed his thoughts too much, he would never repeat the indulgence.

He was in the constant habit of bathing in cold water both in winter and summer. It is related of him, that at one period of his life he used to leave his bed at two o'clock every morning, in frosty weather, to observe the state of a thermometer, which was placed in the garden at some distance from the house. One instance this, out of many, as his friend observes, that whatever he resolved to do, he always did with all his might. When at Venice, in 1786, he astonished the Venetians by his boldness in braving the cold, which is there, at times, very cutting and severe, without either boots or gaiters, or a great coat, or even a cravat. By these habits of abstinence and hardihood, Mr. Howard, though subject to attacks of headache after being exposed to the unhealthy atmosphere of close rooms in prisons and hospitals, effectually braced his naturally delicate frame to support without difficulty great degrees of exertion, and

particularly for those harassing and laborious journeys in which he was occupied for so large a portion of his life. In his earlier tours, in our own country, he usually rode on horseback, attended by a servant, and travelled about forty miles a day. He was never at a loss for an inn. When he travelled in Ireland, or in the Highlands of Scotland, he would stop at any poor cabin which hung up a rag by way of sign, and would there get a little milk. When he came to the town he was to sleep at, he bespoke a supper with wine and beer like another traveller, but made his man attend him and take it away, whilst he himself was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters and postilions liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated about such a matter. Sometimes, however, when a post-boy had been perverse or inattentive, he would send, when he got to the end of the stage, for some poor widow, or other object of charity, and in the post-boy's presence give *her* twice the fee which was usually given to *him*. This practice soon made his requests better attended to on all the roads on which he

was known. When on the Continent he never stopped on the road but to change horses, and often travelled the whole night, sleeping, from habit, in his carriage as well as in a bed. He carried with him in these journeys on the Continent a small brass teakettle, a tea-pot, some cups and saucers, some green tea, some sweetmeats, and a few of the best loaves which the country through which he travelled could furnish. At the post-house he would get boiling water, and, if he could, milk, while his man procured for himself any more substantial food he could find. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for the month of April 1790, says, that "when he came to my house (at Plymouth) which was about four in the afternoon, (November 1787,) he had travelled two nights without having been in a bed, and without any other refreshment than a dish of tea in the morning, and yet appeared to be in as good spirits, as active and fit for business as if neither sleep nor food had been wanting." He mentioned in this visit his being then sixty-one years old, and that he expected to hold out four years longer in full vigour.

In religious profession Mr. Howard was a dissenter, but he had, as has been seen already, in the account which has been given of his life, that true feeling of charity and devotion which excludes all party or fanatical violence, and which led him to honour virtue and piety, wherever he found them, and to look to sincerity and the internal spirit of goodness as the chief bond of Christian communion. Both his wives were of the Church of England, and he would accompany them to church on one part of the Sunday; and you have also heard that he desired to have the service of the Church read at his funeral.

There may be some persons, perhaps, who may be disposed to consider him as an enthusiast; but if by this is meant a man whose zeal or whose feelings outrun his judgment, never any man, I suppose, was less an enthusiast than he. Always self-possessed, always calm, always self-denying, he was no less remarkable for the coolness and steadiness with which he went to his object, than for the goodness and disinterestedness of the object itself which he proposed and followed.

To this praise of Mr. Howard's judgment his biographers make one, and one only exception. They suppose that his manner was too strict and too grave with his son. That poor boy, whose constitution had probably some bias to the sad disorder of mind which afterwards broke out decidedly in him, and who was deprived from the first days of infancy of a mother's affection and care, appears to have contracted at an early age an estrangement from his father, which all that father's noble qualities, and even the veneration which his son afterwards acquired for him, could not remove. It has been unkindly and unjustly said that he was rendered insane by his father's severity: and it is because this has been said that it is the more necessary to recur to this sad part of the history. No charge can be more untrue. Mr. Howard, who had been himself brought up very strictly, had, on principle, not from temper, required always from his son an implicit obedience. This probably was right; but at the same time he perhaps did not make himself so familiar with him, or make him so much his friend as the boy's nervous and sensitive dis-



position required. The places of education chosen for him may also, for a boy of his character, have been unwisely selected ; and he had the great misfortune of having been led wrong at an early age by a worthless servant. But still all that Mr. Howard did for him was done with the kindest as well as with the most upright intentions. His son himself, after he grew up, is recorded to have always spoken of his father with exultation ; and on one occasion on which a lady said to him that she feared his fortune might be injured by the expense which his father was at in pursuing the great objects of his benevolence, he replied with warmth that he would join in sacrificing his last shilling, if his father desired it, and that the only credit he had was in being the son of such a man. "What good," he added, "can I do with money, which will bear any comparison with what he has done?"

This short memoir cannot be better concluded than by the following extract from a speech of Mr. Burke's at the election at Bristol in 1780, in which that great statesman and orator thus speaks of Mr. Howard :—

“I cannot name this gentleman without remarking that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He had visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur; not to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate manuscripts, but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, — a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and

monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

THE END.

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